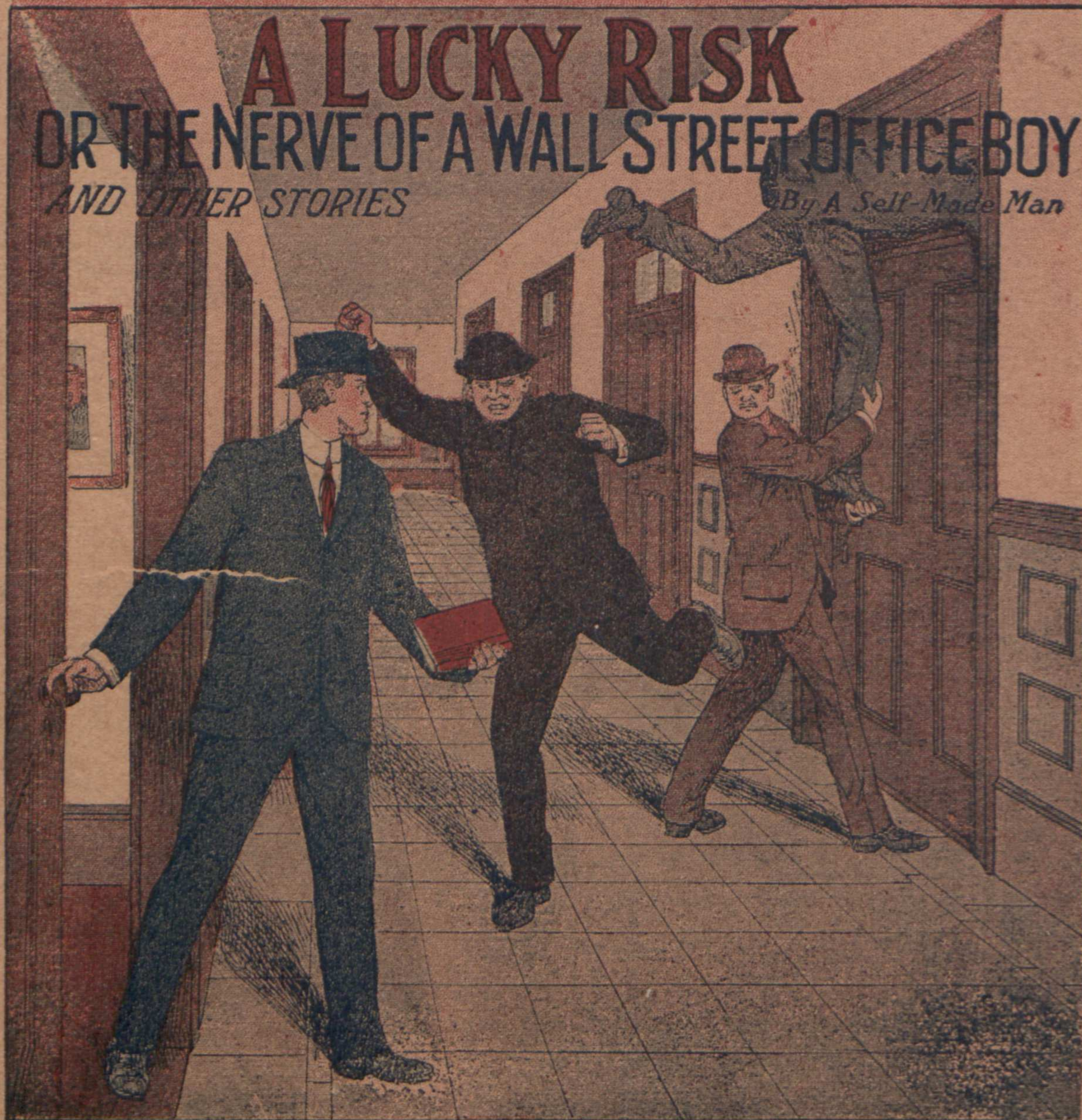


FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

A LUCKY RISK OR THE NERVE OF A WALL STREET OFFICE BOY AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The sudden and unexpected appearance of Bob coming from his office startled the two men, who were helping a third through the transom of the room opposite. "Here, what are you chaps doing?" ejaculated the surprised boy

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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A LUCKY RISK

OR, THE NERVE OF A WALL STREET OFFICE BOY

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—What Bob Encountered in the Swamp.

"Hello-o-o!"

Thus shouted Bob Freeland.

For upward of half an hour he had been trudging this way and that in a vain endeavor to find his way out of a New Jersey swamp where he had gone gunning for ducks one Saturday afternoon. It was growing dark, and Bob, having bagged three ducks, was anxious to get back to his uncle's farm. The idea of losing his way in that dismal, oozy and weedy waste was not a cheerful reflection. Bob had come down to visit his uncle, whose farm was within a mile of Gingerwood that afternoon, after leaving the Wall Street office where he was employed.

Being something of a sportsman in his way, he had taken an old-fashioned shotgun belonging to his relative, and providing himself with powder and duck shot, had made his way into the swamp in search of game. When he judged it was time for him to return, he found that he had lost his bearings and couldn't tell in what direction the farm lay. Finally, noting the rapid approach of dusk, he shouted, in the hope that some one might be in the swamp who could direct him how to get out. He received no reply to any of his hails, and was obliged to trust to his own resources.

"I'm in a nice pickle," he muttered. "I haven't the least idea where I'm at. No matter which direction I turn in, the prospect looks just the same. But as long as I'm on a path, it ought to lead somewhere, even if it takes me out on the opposite side I went in. Once I'm out of this labyrinth, I will be able to find the road, and then it will be only the question of hoofing it to reach the farm."

As the air grew still darker, Bob began to experience some difficulty in keeping to the path. Suddenly he saw a light ahead. It was stationary, and appeared to come from the window of a house.

"A light!" he exclaimed, in a tone of intense satisfaction. "I must be close to the edge of the swamp and will be soon out."

His spirits, like a spring released, rose with a bound. He figured that his difficulties were nearly over, and he started ahead with fresh zeal. Unfortunately, at that moment he came to the end of the blind path, and his forward leg sank almost up to his knee in water. The splash,

as he narrowly missed pitching forward, warned him of what he had stepped into.

"I'm off the confounded path again."

He pulled his dripping boot out and felt around for a continuation of the soggy ground, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have ended abruptly. He pulled out his match safe and struck a light. The dampness of the spot made the match burn blue and dim, throwing out no great light. The blue gleam not only brought out the soggy grass, but something else as well. An object lying there that bore the outline of a man, with his feet in the pool and his head, disfigured by an ugly wound, pillowed on a gnarled root of a tree near by.

"Good gracious! What is this?" gasped the boy. "A man, and dead, too!"

The unexpected sight fairly staggered Bob.

CHAPTER II.—What Bob Learned at the Cottage.

A modern shotgun lay close by, and a game bag containing several ducks was slung from the man's shoulder.

"He's a sportsman and must have shot himself accidentally," thought Bob. "I wonder if he is really dead?"

The match expired in his fingers and the gruesome scene vanished from his sight. Bob struck another match and picked up the gun. To his surprise, both triggers were cocked, showing neither barrel had been discharged. He examined the cartridges, which were center-fire ones, and saw they were all right.

"That looks as if he didn't shoot himself," thought the boy. "If he didn't shoot himself, some other fellow, hunting for ducks, must have shot him accidentally."

It didn't seem to occur to Bob that the man might have been shot designedly. He stopped to see whether the man was dead, and found that he was still breathing. When he looked at the wound in the man's head he saw, to his astonishment, that it had been apparently made by one large ball, not by a charge of buckshot.

"That looks suspicious," he said.

He lifted the gentleman's legs out of the water and placed his body as comfortably as possible against the tree. Then, with his handkerchief, he washed away as much of the half-congealed

blood as possible and bound up the wound with the handkerchief, after soaking it in water.

"Now, if I can find a way that'll take me over to that house, I'll not only get out of trouble myself but get this gentleman out of the swamp, too," said Bob.

Leaving his gun beside the gentleman's modern weapon, and his three ducks on the ground, he started to feel his way in the direction of the house. He found that there was a path from the hillock, and he followed it. It took him out of the marsh to a point within a hundred feet of the house where the light was. It was a small cottage, rather the worse for wear, standing on the edge of the swamp at a point opposite to where he went into the place. Bob had to pass the window through which the light shone before reaching the door, and he stopped to look through it to see who was in the house.

Two hard-looking men were seated at a deal table close to the window. In the center of the table was the lamp, and near it a handsome gold watch and chain. The men were playing cards. As Bob looked in, one of them slapped down his last card in a triumphant way and then reached for the watch, which indicated that it was the stake they had been playing for.

"You ain't mad, are you, Bill?" he said, with a grin.

"Mad! No. You won it fair enough," replied Bill.

"It must have cost \$150 in a store," said the other. "I ought to get \$60 on it from a pawn broker."

"You're lucky if you get \$50. Them sharks never give more than a third of their own valuation of a watch."

"I'll get \$50 or I won't soak it. It's a blamed fine watch. Now, then, we'll play for the gent's diamond ring. Maybe your luck'll turn and you'll win it. If you do, you'll be ahead of me, for I reckon it's worth \$300; perhaps more."

"When the gent's body is found, with a bullet in his head, there'll be some excitement around these diggings. I hope we won't be suspected of having had a hand in it."

"Let 'em suspect. We won't be here when that happens. We'll be in good old New York, blowing our dust in a good time."

"I must get my old woman to swear out an alibi for us if necessary."

"He's one of them Wall Street brokers, don't you think? There were several stock documents in his wallet along with the money."

"Sure he's a broker. Didn't you see his business card?"

"It might have been some one else's card he had."

"No, it was his, for his initials are on the pocketbook. He's from Chicago."

"How do you know he is?" said Bill, raking in a trick.

"Because the card said, in fine type, 'Late of Chicago Board of Trade.'"

"He's now late of the New York Stock Exchange," grinned Bill.

"And he'll be late to his dinner to-night," chuckled Jim.

"If he eats at all, it will be in the grave."

Bob heard all they said, and he was mighty glad he had looked through the window before

making his presence known at the door. By their own admission these fellows had shot and robbed the gentleman he had discovered in the marsh, consequently if he had called their attention to the fact it might have gone hard with him. The only thing for him to do now was to hurry back to the farm, tell his story to his uncle and lead him and the hired man to the spot where the unconscious gentleman lay.

This would take precious time, but Bob didn't see that he could do any better. He knew about where the road ran, so he hurried off in that direction. He followed the edge of the swamp so as not to get mixed up in the dark, for he had never been on that side of the marsh before. In due course he reached the road and hurried on to the farm.

"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed his aunt, "did you get lost in the swamp?"

"I did."

"And did you find your way out yourself?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Well, your uncle and John have gone there looking for you."

"Then I must go back and hunt them up."

"No. If you came back while they were searching for you, I was to shoot off one of the skyrockets we had left over from last Fourth. You can do it for me. There it is in the corner. Take it out in the yard and point it in the direction of the swamp," said Bob's aunt, "then come in and eat your supper."

"All right," said Bob.

He carried the rocket outside and set it off. It curved into the murky air, leaving a fiery streak behind it, and exploded with a dull boom, high in the air. If any of the people living in that neighborhood saw it, they must have been astonished to see a skyrocket in the month of February. Instead of returning to the house and getting his supper, Bob started for the marsh to head off his uncle and the hired man, whom he expected would return across the meadows. He forgot that on such a night his chances of missing them was good. He reached the edge of the marsh and was so fortunate as to meet them coming out of it.

"Hello, uncle!" he said.

"That's you, is it? What brought you back here after going to the house?"

"I wanted to tell you something important."

"Tell me as we walk back."

"No; it is necessary for us to go into the swamp."

"Into the swamp! Are you crazy, Bob? It's as much as a man's life is worth to go tramping around in it after dark on such a night as this."

"It isn't necessary to tramp around in it. We can go around to the other side and enter it there, where I came out. We only need go a short distance, to an old dead tree standing on a hillock beside a pool of water."

"I know the place. Why do you want to go there to-night?"

"Because there's a man there who has been shot."

"How did he get shot?"

"A couple of rascals, who are now in a cottage not far from the spot, shot and robbed him."

"How do you know that?" asked his uncle, in astonishment.

"I'll tell you later. I found him there on the hillock, with his legs in the water and a nasty wound in his head, unconscious. I had to save him, for I couldn't carry him out of the marsh, as I had all I could do to get out myself. You and John must go after him at once, or he will surely die, if he isn't dead already."

As the matter looked serious, Bob's uncle decided to go around the marsh with Bob and enter at the point stated. But it would be necessary to have a lantern, and Farmer Warren thought it would be advisable to take some brandy along, too. Then they would need a vehicle to carry the wounded man to the doctor's. Therefore, they would first have to return to the farm.

This they did with all speed. John was directed to hitch up the light wagon, and by the time it was ready Farmer Warren had the lantern, brandy, and some other things ready. Then the three drove off, leaving supper to await their return. During the ride Bob told his story, and his uncle was not a little astonished at the recital. He said he didn't know that the cottage was occupied. It had been vacant for a long time, as nobody wanted to live in that lonesome locality, by the edge of a dismal swamp, which was full of mosquitoes in the summer and was good for nothing except as a breeding ground for ducks.

"The parties you say is with them must be mighty bad characters," said Farmer Warren, "if the men are capable of committing such a crime as you charge them with."

"I heard them talking it over, and saw them playing cards for the gentleman's watch and diamond ring, so there can be no doubt regarding their guilt," said Bob.

"I suppose not. I hope we don't meet them, or we may have trouble, particularly if they catch us bringing their victim out of the swamp."

"They won't have any idea that we know they shot the gentleman."

They drove to the spot along the edge of the swamp without difficulty, for the farmer was thoroughly acquainted with the lay of the land and knew just where the hillock was and how to reach it in safety.

"You stay by the wagon, Bob. We'll bring the man out," said Farmer Warren.

"But there's the two guns and the game," said Bob. "I'd better go with you."

"Somebody ought to watch the rig. Those men might come along and steal it while we're away. John will return for the guns and the game after we get the gentleman out."

"All right," said Bob.

So lighting the lantern the farmer and his man entered the marsh.

CHAPTER III.—Bob's Adventure With the Two Ruffians.

Hardly had the farmer and his hired man disappeared into the swamp when the door of the cottage opened and two men, Bill and Jim, came out and started for the road, after saying good-bye to the woman who had followed them to the door. Bob was standing alongside the light wagon, looking after his uncle and his man, and did not notice the approach of the men till he

heard their voices. They saw the horse and wagon standing at the edge of the marsh and were surprised at its presence, wondering what it was doing there.

Bob's first impulse was to conceal himself, but he quickly reconsidered it, for that would be to leave the vehicle at the disposal of the two rascals if they chose to take possession of it, which he believed they would do. So he stood his ground, and they soon came up and noticed him.

"Hello, young fellow!" said Jim. "What brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"Business," replied Bob, in a sturdy tone.

"What kind of business?"

"I don't know that it can interest you."

"Maybe not; but we'd like to know, just the same."

"I've been shooting in the marsh this afternoon, got stuck in a pocket, and had to leave my game and my gun to get out. I've come back for them," said Bob.

"You must have shot a lot of game to need a wagon to take it away," said Jim. "It's my opinion that ain't your reason for being here."

"Oh, all right. If you don't believe me, you needn't to. I don't care."

"I guess you don't need the wagon to carry your game, so as we have some distance to go, we'll borrow it of you."

"You're a pair of thieves, then?"

"You'll get your wagon back if you look for it," said Jim.

"We'll leave it at the village hotel," grinned Bill, seizing the horse by the bridle rein and proceeding to turn the wagon around.

"Here, stop that!" cried Bob, springing forward to stop him; but Jim grabbed him by the arm.

"Take it easy, young fellow. It won't do you any good to kick," said Jim.

Bob, in desperation, struck him a blow on the jaw. In another moment he was lying on his back and the burly Jim was resting on his chest.

"Fetch a piece of rope if you can find it in the wagon, Bill. This chap is too gay to be allowed around loose."

Bill leaped into the vehicle and found a piece of hay rope under the seat. He brought it and Bob was speedily tied.

"We'll fetch him along with us and drop him somewhere along the road," said Jim. "Into the wagon with him!"

The men seized Bob and swung him in, like a bale of goods. Just then Farmer Warren and John appeared with the wounded sportsman, who had recovered consciousness, but was in pretty bad shape. They saw the two rascals leap on the seat and start the horse.

"Here, where are you going with that wagon?" shouted the farmer.

The men looked back and gave him the laugh. Then they outstripped John, who had started after them, reached the road, and turned in the direction away from the village. At that moment it began to snow.

"Get a gait on, Bill. We must reach Essex in time to catch the express. That will be better than taking the local at Plympton, as we intended."

Bill, regarding that as final, said no more, and he whipped up to make the best time he could while the road was clear of snow. Faster and

faster the flakes came down and Bob had to roll over on his side to keep his face from being covered. Jim looked around at him.

"How do you like it, young fellow?" he laughed. "You'll have a nice easy time driving back."

One of the wheels slipped into a deep rut for a moment and Bob was bounced against the side of the wagon in no gentle way. Jim reached down, grabbed him by the collar and drew his head under the seat where it would be out of the snow. The cold wind carried the snow across the wagon, but did not prevent most of it from lighting in the vehicle, and the boy's body soon wore a light coat of white.

The pea-jackets worn by the men were also well sprinkled with snow. By the time a mile had been covered the air was so thick with flying flakes that Bill could make out very little ahead. The horse was kept down to his work and was making good time. Two miles more were reeled off, and the wheels were now making a deep track in the snow. The wind had increased to half a gale, and the men found talking somewhat difficult, and maintained silence most of the time.

As the snow piled over Bob he rolled over and shook it off. Suddenly the forward wheel slipped into the gully alongside the road as they turned out of the way of an auto that whizzed by. Bob was thrown against the side of the wagon and narrowly missed falling out. Jim fared worse, for he lost his balance on the seat and pitched over into the gully, where his head hit the projecting root of a tree and he never made a move to get up.

"What!" cried Bill, recovering his own balance and pulling in the horse.

He looked behind, expecting to see his companion scrambling to his feet, but he saw Jim lying back there motionless, half buried in the snow. He uttered an exclamation and, tying the reins to the seat, he sprang out to see what was the matter with his associate in guilt. In a moment Bob saw his advantage. He had managed to get his hands free, and all he had to do was to turn the rig around and start back along the road to make his escape. Still it was possible for Bill, if he noticed the move in time, to spring to the horse's head and stop him. In that case the boy would have to lash the horse and try to make it impossible for the rascal to hold him.

He looked after Bill and saw him stoop over Jim and raise him up. As his back was toward the wagon, Bob thought it a good time to get a move on. Then the daring idea occurred to him to spring out, creep up on Bill and give him a crack under the ear that would make him groggy for the time being, long enough to give him time to tie the rascal's hands as they had tied his. In the bottom of the wagon, under the seat, was a piece of wood about a yard long.

Snatching it up and taking the piece of hay rope with which he had been bound, he leaped into the snow and crept upon Bill. That ruffian was looking at the cut Jim had got on his head and wondering how he could bring his companion to his senses. He reached down for a handful of snow to rub Jim's face with. As he rose up, Bob whacked him with the stick. He went head-first into the snow, half dazed by the blow.

Bob leaped upon him and bound his hands be-

fore he realized what had happened to him. Then the boy went back to the wagon, turned the rig around, and led it up to the spot where the accident happened. Bill had recovered himself by that time and was astonished to see Bob at liberty.

"Did you hit me, you young monkey?" he said.

"No, it was that stick hit you," returned Bob.

"Come, now, I'll help you into the wagon."

"What do you mean by tying my hands?"

"To keep you out of mischief. Put your foot on the hub and I'll boost you into the wagon."

"Confound you! Cut my hands loose and I'll get in myself."

"Do as I tell you, or I'll give you another crack!" said Bob, picking up the stick.

"Just wait till I get my hands free and I'll choke you!" roared Bill.

"Put your foot up there, do you hear!" said Bob, making a demonstration with the stick.

The rascal dodged and backed away. Bob let him go, and, seizing the unconscious Jim, pulled him to the wagon.

"Here, what are you doing?" roared Bill, coming forward.

Bob made a swing at him with the stick and he fell back again, swearing like a trooper. The boy held on to Jim, mounted the hub of the hind wheel and raised the senseless rascal at the same time, but when he tried to haul him into the wagon he found the fellow too heavy for his strength. After several attempts he found it no go. He found that the fellow was coming to his senses, too. He was in a predicament.

"I'll have to give them both up, but they shan't have the money if they've got it on them," he said.

He went through Jim's pocket and found the gentleman's watch and a roll of bills, which he took possession of. Then he made a rush at Bill, tripped him up and, in spite of his struggles, searched him and took a roll of money from him and also the diamond ring. Hardly had he got on his feet when Jim came toward them in a groggy way. Bob sprang on the wagon seat, slapped the horse with the reins and started off as fast as he could make the animal go through the snow, with about six miles to cover to reach his uncle's farm.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob Gets Acquainted With Broker Henley.

It was close or to eleven o'clock when he reached the farm, where he found his aunt up and his uncle and the hired man just returned, all covered with snow, after a fruitless search for him. The wounded gentleman they had brought to the house and a doctor summoned to attend him. He was now up in the spare room asleep in bed, after having had his head fixed and being told by the doctor that he had had a narrow escape for his life. It was expected he would be in pretty good shape in the morning.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Farmer Warren to his nephew. "So you've got back by yourself, eh? Those rascals carried you off in my wagon. I've been looking for you along the road to the village and around there, but could find no one who had seen the wagon and the men."

"They drove in the opposite direction, intending to go to Essex and catch the express at that town."

"And they dropped you somewhere along the road, did they, and went on? I suppose they'll abandon the rig at the Essex station."

"No, they didn't drop me, but I dropped them."

"You dropped them! You mean you jumped out at the first chance and escaped from them?"

"No. I left them in the road six miles from here and brought the rig back."

"You did! How did you manage that?"

Then Bob told his story, while John went outside to unhitch the horse and put him in the barn. While Bob was describing his night's adventures, his aunt placed the supper on the table which she had been keeping warm in the oven. All hands sat down to it, and Bob finished his recital between bites.

"You're a pretty smart boy, Bob," said his uncle. "Not many boys could have done what you did. It's too bad the rascals were enabled to get away and so evade punishment for their crime, but you did mighty well to recover the gentleman's property. He'll feel under great obligations to you, and will probably reward you."

"How is he?"

"He'll come out all right. He's upstairs in bed and a doctor has seen him. His wound isn't as bad as we thought it was. The pistol ball stunned him and cut a nasty gash. A fraction of an inch closer and he would have been a dead man," said the farmer.

"I'm glad he'll get over it," said Bob.

"How do you like working in Wall Street?"

"First rate. I'm making more money there than I could anywhere else."

"You get good wages, then?"

"Oh, it isn't the wages. It's the money I pick up on the outside, playing the market. I've picked up over a thousand dollars in that way."

After breakfast next morning Bob was taken upstairs and introduced to the wounded gentleman, whose name was George Henley, and who proved to be a new broker in Wall Street, having lately come from Chicago.

"I shall never forget what I owe you, Free-land," he said to Bob, holding him by the hand.

"Don't mention it, sir. You're welcome. You don't suppose I would do any less for you or anybody else I found in such circumstances," replied Bob.

"You saved my life."

"I guess I did, for there's two feet of snow on the ground this morning and it's mighty cold outside."

"Who were the men who shot and robbed me? I saw no one in the marsh. They must have come on me from behind, and, of course, their object was to rob me."

"I don't know who they are, except that their names are Bill and Jim."

Bob explained how he learned what they had been guilty of when he went to the cottage to get help to rescue him from the marsh.

"It was fortunate that I looked in through the window before going around to the door, as I intended," he continued. "I heard their conversation and saw them playing cards for your watch and diamond ring after they had divided your money. Of course, after that there was no use

of my making my presence known to them, for it would have done no good, and I might have got into trouble, so I came to the farm to get my uncle to take you out of the swamp because he was familiar with it."

"I am under great obligations to your uncle, too, and I'll see that neither you nor he lose anything by your kindness."

"My uncle doesn't want anything more than your thanks, Mr. Henley, nor do I. We are sufficiently repaid in knowing that we have probably saved your life and your property."

"Why, did you get back what those rascals took from me?"

"Yes."

"They have been arrested, then?"

"No. I recovered your property myself. I'll tell you how I managed it."

Bob then recounted how the men had come upon him with the wagon, took possession of the vehicle and carried him off prisoner. Then how a passing automobile had caused the off-wheels of the wagon to drop into a deep rut, which bounced the man Jim into the snow, where he hit something that put him to sleep. Then he told the broker all that followed.

"You are certainly a plucky boy, and have placed me under further obligations to you. That watch was presented to me when I left Chicago by my friends connected with the Board of Trade, and I'd hate to lose it. The diamond ring is worth \$250. As for the money, I had about \$60."

"As long as I was unable to fetch the men back to face justice, I was determined to deprive them of the fruits of their crime. I guess they were up against a hard time when I left them in the road in the midst of the snowstorm. Essex, for where they were bound, was five miles away, and was the nearest point where they could catch a train for Jersey City. They were bound to miss the express, and it's a question whether they had any money left to pay their way on the last night local. They deserved no sympathy, and I wasted none on them."

"Do you work for your uncle on this farm? You don't seem like a farm lad to me."

"No. I live with my folks in Harlem, New York, and I work for Edward Brooks, stock broker, in Wall Street."

"Indeed! I am a broker myself, and have lately opened an office in the Vanderpool Building, Exchange place. You must call on me there. I will probably get back by Tuesday."

"All right, sir. I'll drop around and see you."

"Where is your employer's office?"

"Wilson Building, before the Sub-Treasury."

"How long have you worked in Wall Street?"

"About three years."

"You like it down there, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Expect to be a broker some day?"

"If I get capital enough to make a start, I hope to be."

"It takes quite a bunch of money, without considering the price of a seat in the Exchange."

"That's right."

"A seat in the Exchange is a curious thing when you come to think of it."

"It isn't a seat at all. It just carries the right to do business in the board room and such other privileges as are connected with the Exchange."

"You pay a stiff price, as much as eighty or ninety thousand dollars, and all you have to show for the expenditure is the cancelled check you gave in payment to the person you bought your seat from. No certificate of membership or any evidence of membership whatever is issued to the purchaser by the Exchange, and yet the seat is absolutely your property, and a very tangible asset at any time."

"But you've got to be elected before you really become a member."

"Of course, and then you receive a formal notice from the Secretary of the Exchange, acquainting you of the fact and a memorandum slip is enclosed in the letter indicating that you should send a certified check to the treasurer for, say \$2,010—the \$2,000 representing an initiation fee and the \$10 a first payment toward a gratuity fund. Each member also pays \$100 annual dues, assessed semi-annually. After sending in the certified check and dues, you sign the constitution, whereby you agree to abide by the rules and regulations of the Exchange. The Exchange takes no note whatever of the price you have paid for your seat, as that is a matter between purchaser and seller as individuals."

Bob had heard all about how brokers acquired membership before, but was too polite to interrupt the broker. He remained a little while longer in the room and then went downstairs.

CHAPTER V.—Bob Gets on His Job Again.

On Monday morning Farmer Warren drove his nephew to the Plympton Station in time for him to catch the seven o'clock local for Jersey City, and Bob reached his office in Wall street a minute or two before nine. Everybody was on hand in the counting room except the cashier, and he came in a minute after nine. Then business for the day began. At that moment Bob had a deal on in A. & D. He had bought 100 shares at 80, and it was now up to 85. Market indications encouraged him to believe the price would go higher, so he was holding on.

At any rate, the financial editor of his daily paper printed a paragraph that morning to the effect that A. & D. was expected to make a further advance, and another paragraph that prices were likely to hold firm all along the line. Bob didn't have much time to himself, for he was soon sent out on an errand. And that errand was but a prelude to others. Sometimes he was sent to the Exchange with a note to Mr. Brooks, and sometimes he carried messages to other brokers. Occasionally he remained in the office a while, but generally not for long.

The market was brisk that day, and A. & D. advanced two points more. At a quarter of three he carried the bank book, with the day's deposits, to the bank and found a string of men and boys ahead of him. It didn't take long, however, for him to reach the window, for the receiving teller was an expert and did his business quickly. At a quarter of four Bob was off for the day, and he went to a quick-lunch house to get a bite to stay his stomach till supper time. He lived on the west side of Harlem, near Eighth avenue, in a flat. His people were only in moderate cir-

cumstances, as his father was a collector for a subscription book house.

His average pay was around \$18 a week, but to this he added commissions he got by inducing subscribers to have their book parts bound through the house. Probably his yearly average was about \$20, which was little enough to keep the pot boiling, even with the help of Bob and a daughter, who was cashier in a large retail grocery store. Bob went home on the Ninth avenue line, because it was quicker than the Sixth avenue, being more direct, and express trains were run on it after half-past four. When he got home his mother, who hadn't seen him since he left the house on Saturday morning to go to business, with the understanding, however, that he was going to visit her brother and his family on the New Jersey farm, was eager to learn all the news.

"How did you find your Uncle Joe and the family?" she asked.

"In good health and spirits. We had a big snowstorm down there on Saturday night."

"It snowed here, too."

Bob told his mother all that happened to him—how he ran across the wounded gentleman, discovered he had been shot and robbed by two rascals, how the rascals had carried him off in the wagon afterward, and how he escaped from them, after recovering the gentleman's money and valuables. His mother was very much astonished at the recital, and thought he had had a narrow escape. Bob said it wasn't half as narrow as the escape the broker had had.

Next morning Bob was the first at the office, which was generally the case with him, for it gave him time to look over the financial papers before he was called on to get busy. During the day A. & D. went up a point and a fraction. He had half a mind to sell out, so as to be on the safe side, for he found no chance of reaching the little bank. He didn't worry about it, though, for the market was as strong as ever. While he was at the Exchange on the following morning A. & D. boomed up to 90 3-8, and appeared to be the center of interest. As soon as he was dismissed, after delivering his note, he rushed up to the little bank and ordered his shares sold at once. The clerk shoved him a memorandum to sign, and he hustled back to the office.

"Been all this time at the Exchange?" asked the cashier, when he reported.

"I haven't been long," replied Bob.

"You've been out forty minutes."

"There was a boom on in A. & D. and some excitement," said Bob.

"What's that got to do with you staying out so long?"

"It had something to do with it," said Bob truthfully.

What else the cashier might have said to him was choked off by a customer who came to the window and engaged his attention, so Bob returned to his seat, pleased to death to think he had made \$1,000 on his deal.

"Here, take this note to Broker Dusenbury, in the Mills Building, and, remember, I shall keep tab on the time you're out."

"All right; but I can't always avoid being delayed."

"There's no answer to that, so you won't have

to wait there. If Mr. Dusenbury isn't in, give it to his cashier."

So Bob started off, determined to make record time. He regarded the cashier as a crank, for it was mighty seldom that he lost any time on his errands. He reached the Mills Building, delivered his note, and left. As he stepped out into the corridor he heard the report of a pistol in one of the offices.

"Great Caesar! Has somebody shot himself?" exclaimed the startled office boy.

Suddenly a door was flung open and a man, wild eyed and excited, came rushing out. Half a dozen other doors were opened, and clerks came out to learn what had happened.

"Stop that man!" cried a clerk, running after the wild-eyed one.

Several made an attempt to trip the man up, but he avoided them and came toward Bob.

"Stop him! Stop him!" continued the clerk, in pursuit.

Bob at once blocked the man's escape.

"Get out of my way!" hissed the fugitive fiercely, drawing a pistol from his pocket and cocking it.

Bob was undaunted by the weapon. As the man shoved it at him he grabbed his arm and shoved it up with one hand, while he seized him around the waist with the other. The revolver went off and the ball shattered a fan-light near by. The second shot created more excitement, and this was increased when the man and Bob went down in a heap on the floor in a struggle. Bob found himself the under-dog, and as the man reached for his throat with his left hand he avoided his clutch by twisting his head under the fellow's arm. Then the pursuing clerk reached them and grabbed the man by the shoulders. Two other clerks jumped into the muss and the chap was disarmed and pulled off Bob. The office boy, anxious to learn what the trouble was about, helped push him back into the office where he came from. It appeared he was a customer of the broker whose office it was, and he had lost a lot of money selling short on a rising market.

He blamed his loss on the broker and had tried to shoot him after an angry battle of words. The broker was slightly wounded on the arm. The place filled up with excited people and the jam was so great that Bob was unable to get out for some little time, consequently it was twenty minutes over the time the cashier had figured he should have taken on the errand.

"Look here, young man, what in thunder kept you so long this time? Did you stop to watch a dog fight?" he added sarcastically.

"No, sir; it was another kind of scrap," returned Bob, who was disgusted at the continual nagging he received at the cashier's hands.

"Then you stopped to see a couple of boys fight, I suppose?"

"You suppose wrong. A customer of Broker Smith, in the Mills Building, fired at him in his office and was escaping along the corridor when, in answer to a shout of 'Stop him!', I blocked the man's escape and we had a sharp tussle before he was secured. I helped take him back to Mr. Smith's office. The crowd that gathered in the reception room became so dense that I couldn't get out for some time, that's why I'm late in getting back."

"I suppose you expect me to believe that?" sneered the cashier.

"Yes; I expect you to take my word for anything I say," flashed Bob, exasperated at the cashier's manner. "You've never caught me in a lie, and you never will. I'm tired of having you jump on my neck for every little thing. You asked me what delayed me. Well, I've told you. That's all there is to it."

Thus speaking, Bob walked to his seat.

CHAPTER VI.—Bob Runs Against the Rascals, Jim and Bill.

Bob expected that Cashier Peters would report him to Mr. Brooks, and he didn't care if he did. The boy's determined front, however, had its effect on the cashier, and he made no further move about the matter. Peters was one of those men who found fault for the least cause, and the clerks hated him cordially. The only person he did not scrap with at one time or another was Miss Evans, the stenographer. To her he was always very polite and gracious, but for all that he did not stand very high in her estimation, because she could not help seeing how he lorded it over the others in the counting room.

It wasn't that he was a tyrant, but because it was his nature. When Peters sent Bob out again shortly afterward, he made no remark about keeping tab on him, and the boy put the errand through in his customary good time. When he got back, the cashier handed him an envelope which had been left for him while he was out. Bob tore the envelope open and found a note from Broker Henley, telling him he had returned to New York and would be glad to see him at his office. Mr. Brooks came in soon afterward. Bob followed him into his private room, showed him Broker Henley's note, and told him what he had done for that gentleman Saturday evening.

"The next time you take out a message, you can stop in and see him," said his employer.

Bob didn't have long to wait to be sent out again, and he called at Henley's office before he came back.

"Glad to see you, Freeland," said Henley, shaking hands with him. "Take a seat."

"I can only stay a few minutes, for we are very busy at our office," said Bob, as he sat down.

"Well, here is a small gift I ask your acceptance of," said the broker, handing him a package. "It is a very inadequate return for what you have done for me, but I don't know of any other way to express my grateful appreciation of your services. To offer you money would hardly cover the ground, and you would probably refuse to accept it."

"I certainly would. I don't want to open this now, so you might tell me what it contains."

"It's a gold watch and chain, with a charm. I trust it will please you."

"Anything you might give me would be sure to please me. I thank you very much for it and will wear it when I'm dressed up."

"If I ever can do you a favor, I shall be glad to have you call on me."

"Thank you, sir."

"I have sent your uncle a pair of gold sleeve

buttons, and your aunt something I think will please her. I won't detain you longer since you're in a hurry, but I hope you will drop in again when you have more time."

Bob said he would, and left. Cashier Peters glared at him when he reported his return. He made no remark this time, but later he went into the inner office and told Mr. Brooks that Bob had been taking his own time on the errands he had been sent out on that morning.

"What errands were they?" asked the broker. The cashier specified them.

"I heard there had been a shooting scrape in the Mills Building, so I guess he told you the truth. As to the last one, I gave him permission to visit a broker who had asked him to call. I have always found Freeland very prompt in his work, so we will say no more about this matter."

Peters returned to his desk, feeling that he had failed in his effort to get Bob reprimanded. That afternoon Bob learned that a syndicate had been formed to boom C. & L. He visited the little bank as soon as he got off that afternoon and left his order there for the purchase of 200 shares at 85, the market price. The stock remained quiet for several days and then started to go up. It did not attract much attention till it reached 90. After that it held the center of the stage for a week or more, during which it rose to 105 and Bob sold out, clearing a profit of \$4,000.

The third Saturday after Bob's visit to the farm came around, and when the office shut down for the day and the week, Bob was detained by Mr. Brooks' orders. He was told to go to his lunch and come back in half an hour. He got back at half-past one.

"Take this note down to the Bowling Green Building and wait for an answer. If I'm not here when you get back, wait a little while, and then if I fail to come, telephone to Stone & Castle's office and ask if I'm there. If I am, come over," said his employer.

So Bob took the note to a certain office in the Bowling Green Building, got an answer after half an hour's wait, and got back to his office at half-past two. Mr. Brooks was not there. He waited fifteen minutes and then went to the phone. In the meanwhile, three men had come into the deserted corridor outside and tried several of the doors. The transom of the office opposite Mr. Brooks' suite was open, and it attracted the attention of the men.

"You're a lightweight, Phil," said one of them. "Jim and me'll boost you up and you can slip through the opening into the place. Then you can open the door of the private room and let us in. The key is in the door."

The two men then proceeded to boost Phil up. It was at that moment Bob, having learned that his boss was at Stone & Castle's office, opened the door and came out. The sudden and unexpected appearance of Bob coming from his office startled the two men in the corridor who were helping the third through the transom of the room opposite.

"Here, what are you chaps doing?" ejaculated the surprised boy.

One of the men made a dash at Bob with his fist raised to strike him. The office boy, to his surprise, recognized him as the man Jim, one of the rascals he encountered down in the country

three weeks since. The fellow recognized him at the same moment.

"So it's you, is it?" he roared. "You're just the chap I want to meet."

Bob made a dash for the elevator, only one of which was running, and pushed the button. Then he turned and faced Jim. That rascal was about to attack him when he noticed the cable of the elevator in motion. He turned around and rushed back to his companions.

"Jump down, Phil; we've got to skip!" he cried.

As the elevator stopped at the floor, the men disappeared into the other corridor that would take them to the back stairway, up which they had come. As soon as Bob reached the ground floor he notified the janitor, whom he found there, of the actions of the three men and the identity of the two he knew by sight, and then left the building. After seeing Mr. Brooks, he left for home. As he was crossing Broadway toward the Empire Building, through which he proposed to walk to get a train uptown, he saw the two rascals and their companions ahead of him. They had made their escape from the Wilson Building and were going down Broadway at an easy pace. Bob determined to follow them, with the view of securing their arrest.

They turned into Rector street and proceeded down that short and narrow thoroughfare. Crossing Church street, under the Sixth avenue elevated, they kept straight on to Greenwich, where they passed under the Ninth avenue elevated tracks. Bob had little difficulty keeping track of them, for they appeared to be in no hurry. He wondered where they were bound for. They crossed Washington street and strolled on to West, that wide thoroughfare which faces on the North River. Then they turned north.

Bob followed them two or three blocks without seeing a policeman, and then they entered a narrow lodging house entrance and walked up the stairs. The boy took note of the place and, entering a store a few steps away, asked permission to use the telephone to get a policeman. He got in connection with the Church street police station and was told that two officers would meet him on the spot. In the course of fifteen minutes the policemen arrived. Bob told them what the rascals had been up to in the Wilson Building, and how two of them were wanted for shooting Broker Henley over in New Jersey, and also for stealing the horse and wagon and the abduction of himself.

"You can positively identify them?" said one of the officers.

"Yes," said Bob.

"Were you a witness of the shooting?"

"No."

"If they are the men, I suppose the broker will be able to identify them as his assailants?"

"I'm afraid not. He did not see them. They sneaked upon him from behind and one of them shot him in the head. The wound proved not to be as serious as it was at first supposed to be, and he is now fully recovered from it."

"If the broker didn't see who shot him, and you didn't see the shooting, what evidence is there to hold the men on?"

"I overheard them talking about the affair, and

saw them playing cards for a part of the property they stole from the broker."

"Very well. We will take them in if you can show them to us, and then you must charge them only with the theft of the wagon and the abduction of yourself. If they can be brought over to New Jersey and held there for theft, circumstances may be found to back up the truthfulness of your story about the shooting."

The matter being decided, Bob led the officers upstairs into the lodging house.

CHAPTER VII.—The Arrest of Jim and Bill.

Reaching the landing, Bob saw a cheap-looking sitting room before him. The floor was bare of any covering, and the walls were bare as well. A long table of the plainest kind occupied the center of the room and around this were eight or nine cheap chairs. Similar chairs stood at intervals against two of the walls. Several men in poor clothes were seated either at the table or against the wall reading newspapers or conversing. A small counter, with a curved end, inclosed the "office," and occupied the back corner opposite the door.

A squatty desk was fastened to the inner part of the counter where it came against the wall. Back of the desk was a case of pigeon holes that looked as if it had originally done duty in a barber shop as a cup-holder. On the counter lay an open book, evidently the "register." In the center of a triangular space, the points of which were the end of the table, the curve of the counter and the door, stood a self-heating drum stove which kept the room fairly comfortable, considering the flow of cold air through the door. Behind the counter was a red-headed boy perched on a stool reading a copy of juvenile fiction.

"Wait here till I look in and see if the men are in this room," said Bob to the officers.

He surveyed the room with a sweeping glance, but could not see the men there. They must have gone to a room. Bob walked up to the counter and the youth looked up.

"Three men came in here about ten minutes ago, didn't they?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did they go to their room?"

The boy nodded.

"I have business with two of them. Will you show me the room?"

"It's Number 20, on the floor above. You can find it yourself."

"All right. Much obliged."

"You're welcome," said the boy, resuming his reading.

Bob looked at the names on the register. Room 20 was not down opposite any of that day's arrivals. He went back several pages before he found Room 20. Ten days previous it had been allotted to James Love and William Smith, and those two guests had clearly held on to it ever since. He walked outside and motioned the policemen to follow. They went upstairs and down the corridor to Room 20. Voices could be heard inside the room. Bob placed his eye to the keyhole and saw the three men playing cards. Bill Smith and Phil, the chap who had been boosted

up to the transom of the office in the Wilson Building, occupied chairs, while Jim Love sat on the bed. Bob knocked.

"Come in!" said Smith.

The boy and the policemen entered.

"There are your men!" said the Wall Street lad, pointing at Bill and Jim.

"What does this mean?" cried Jim, as he and his companions sprang up in some consternation.

He knew it meant trouble, for both he and Smith recognized Bob.

"You are under arrest," said the first officer. "You will come to the station house quietly or we'll handcuff you."

"Why are we arrested?" demanded Smith.

"Stealing a horse and wagon over in New Jersey and assaulting and carrying this young man off against his will."

"We didn't steal any horse and wagon in New Jersey, and I've never seen that chap before," said Jim, putting on a bold front.

"You can make your defense to the magistrate."

The two rascals accompanied the policemen to the station house and Bob went along to swear out the complaint. The captain was at the station house and heard Bob's story. The men's names were entered in the blotter, with their age and other particulars.

"Take them to court right away and have the charge against them sifted by the magistrate," said the captain.

So the men were taken to the Tombs Police Court and Bob, of course, went along. In due time the case was called. Bob decided, while waiting, to tell everything and put the matter up to the magistrate, for he had his doubts that the judge would hold the men for taking the wagon on his word alone in the face of the prisoners' denials.

"Your honor," said Bob, "I want to state that the charge I make against the defendants is but a part of what I know they're guilty of. If you will permit me to tell my story from the beginning you may see how serious this case is."

"Go on," said the magistrate.

Bob began his story right in the swamp with the finding of the wounded broker, whose name and business address he gave. He told how he started for the cottage to get assistance, discovered the defendants in the place, and described what they were doing and the conversation he overheard between them. Then he went and told how he returned to his uncle's farm and came back with his uncle and hired man in the wagon. How, while his uncle and the hired man were bringing the wounded broker out of the swamp, the two defendants appeared, made him prisoner and carried him off in the wagon for a distance of five miles toward Essex, where the vehicle met with the accident that put the two men in his power for the time being.

He stated that he recovered the broker's stolen property and returned it to him. He concluded with the appearance of the defendants in the Wilson Building that afternoon, with another man, and described what they did and how they made their escape. He had come across them later on Broadway, had followed them to the lodging house in West street, and then caused their arrest.

"That, your Honor, is the solemn truth, but unfortunately only a small part of it can be corroborated, but the facts as stated can be shown. If you will remand the prisoners till Monday, I'll have my uncle and his hired man here, and also Mr. Henley, the broker."

The prisoners protested that they were entirely innocent and knew nothing whatever about what Bob had brought against them.

"Ask them if they were at the cottage near the Gingerville swamp three weeks ago to-day, your Honor," said Bob. "And ask William Smith if it isn't a fact that his wife is living at that cottage now."

The defendants admitted that they were at the cottage on the day in question, and Smith admitted that his wife was living at the cottage now. The magistrate then remanded the prisoners to the Tombs and carried the hearing over till Monday noon. He called up a court officer and told him to direct the police to look up the records of the men and see if they were known as crooked characters. As Bob left the court the two rascals were led across the Bridge of Sighs. The Wall Street boy went to a drug store and consulted a city directory, but Mr. Henley's name was not in it.

"I might have known that," he thought, "for he has only been in the city since last fall. Now, I wonder how I can find out where he lives? I'd like to see and consult with him about this case before next Monday morning."

He consulted the telephone directory, but only Mr. Henley's office was given in it. He picked out the names of several members of the Stock Exchange, and put down the number of their house phones. Then he called up the first one on the list. A servant answered and said he was not at home. Bob tried the second on his list and got him.

"You know George Henley, a new member of the Exchange, who came here from Chicago?" said Bob.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Do you know where he lives?"

"At the Hotel Aqueduct."

"Thank you. That's all."

Bob took a Sixth avenue train and went uptown. He knew that the Hotel Aqueduct was a large family hotel, of exclusive character, on Eighth avenue, facing Central Park. He got off at 72d street and walked to the hotel. Going to the desk, he asked if Mr. Henley was in.

"I couldn't tell you," replied the clerk, "but I'll find out for you. Write your name on that card and I'll send it up."

Bob did so, and a bellboy was called and dispatched with it. In a short time he returned and told Bob to follow him. They went up in the elevator and got off at the floor where the Henley suite was. The bellboy knocked on the door of the private sitting room and the voice of Broker Henley said, "Come in!" Bob walked in.

"This is a pleasant surprise, Freeland. I'm delighted to see you," said the broker, shaking hands with him. "Let me present you to my daughter. Edith, this is Robert Freeland."

Bob bowed to a very charming young girl of seventeen years, and she acknowledged the introduction with a smile.

"This is the young man I owe my life to, Edith," said her father.

"I am very glad of the opportunity to express the gratitude I feel toward you, Mr. Freeland," said the young lady. "The service you have rendered my father is one that neither of us can ever forget."

Bob bowed again and murmured something that passed unnoticed. Miss Edith made room for him on the lounge and sat down. Mr. Henley brought a chair and joined them. For the next fifteen minutes the conversation was entirely foreign to the object that had brought the Wall Street boy to the hotel. Miss Edith was so engaging that Bob could think of nothing but talking to her. At last something put him in mind of what he came about, and he proceeded to tell the broker about the events of the afternoon that had led up to the arrest of the two rascals concerned in the murderous assault upon him (Henley). Mr. Henley was surprised to hear that the men had been arrested.

"Yes, sir; they're in the Tombs. The magistrate postponed the hearing until noon on Monday so that you, my uncle and his hired man could be present to testify. I shall run down to the farm to-morrow morning to arrange for them to come on. The purpose of my call upon you was to confer with you about the testimony we can bring to bear against the rascals," said Bob. "It is going to be a difficult matter to hold them, I'm thinking, or, if held, to get them extradited to New Jersey. The Governor will have to sign the papers, and he probably won't unless there is real evidence against the men. Now, I'm the only real witness in the case, and the most important part of my testimony lacks corroboration. The whole thing depends on producing enough circumstantial evidence to bear me out."

"That's right," nodded the broker. "I will have to fetch a lawyer to help matters out. I can't swear myself to anything. I couldn't say whether one or a dozen men came upon me and put me out. All I can establish is the fact that I was shot unawares in the swamp. That fact can be corroborated by yourself, your uncle and the hired man. What you saw and heard through the window of the cottage cannot be corroborated, and the men will deny the thing in toto. When they came on you as you stood near the wagon you can swear they came from the direction of the cottage."

"I can, and they admitted in court that they were at the cottage on the day the crime was committed," said Bob.

"How came they to admit it?"

"I guess they know the fact could be proved, and if they denied it they would be made out liars and that would hurt their other denials."

"The next question is, will your uncle and the hired man be able to swear that they were the two men who ran away with you and the wagon?"

"I hope so, but it is doubtful. It was night and awfully dark."

"You must get permission to come to my office at half-past nine on Monday, and we will go together to the lawyer. You will tell him your story and we will talk the matter over. Get your uncle to come to the city by the local. He will reach Jersey City about half-past eight. You can meet him at the station and bring

him over. We will have him and the hired man at the lawyer's, too. I am anxious to put those men through, as they nearly finished me."

It was about six when Bob left the hotel, after declining an invitation to dine with the broker and his daughter. He took a train for 125th street, and he had quite a story to tell his folks at the supper table.

CHAPTER VIII.—Bob Makes a Golden Stake.

Next morning Bob went down to Plympton by an early local and hired a rig to take him to the farm, where his unexpected appearance produced some surprise. He told the object of his coming, and his uncle agreed to take the seven o'clock local in the morning and bring John with him.

"You will stay over and go with us?" asked Farmer Warren.

"I will if you'll send the rig I hired back to the stable in Plympton," said Bob.

"I'll attend to that," said his uncle, and he did.

Bob remained at the farm, and next morning he, his uncle and the hired man started for New York. John said he could recognize the men by their figures, and the farmer said he could do the same. Bob brought them both to his office, and when Mr. Brooks came in at half-past nine the office boy got permission to go off to attend the police court. The three went directly to Broker Henley's office. That gentleman was waiting for them. He had already arranged with his lawyer for the interview and his services at the police court. They started for the lawyer's office at once and reached there at ten. The case was gone into, and then the lawyer accompanied them to the Tombs Court.

When Jim Love and Bill Smith were called to the bar they pleaded not guilty, as on Saturday, and then their examination went on. Broker Henley testified to the fact that he was shot by some one unknown to him and robbed of \$60 in money, a watch and a diamond ring. He wore that the money and other things were subsequently returned to him by Bob Freeland, who stated he had taken them from the men he accused of the crime. Bob told his story again under the direction of the lawyer. Farmer Warren and his hired man swore that the prisoners looked exactly like the two men who stole the wagon and carried off Bob, but admitted that they could not identify their faces.

The prisoners were asked what they had to say in their own defence, and they put in a general denial of everything except the fact that they were at the cottage on the day in question. They denied, however, that they were in the cottage at the time Bob said he saw them there.

"Where were you at that time?" asked the lawyer.

"On the road to Plympton, to catch a train for Jersey City," replied Jim.

"What train?"

"The six o'clock train."

"Did you catch that train?"

"We did."

"Will your Honor have your clerk telephone the office of the Jersey Central and see if such a train is on the timetable?"

"It isn't necessary," said Farmer Warren. "Here is one of the company's time tables. You can look at it."

An examination of the time table showed that there was no train that stopped at Plympton at six o'clock. One stopped there at 5.10 and the next at 7.15. Jim then said, with easy assurance, that it must have been the 5.10 train they took. After a lapse of three weeks he was liable to make such a mistake. Bill chipped in and said he was sure it was the 5.10. The impression prevailed that they were lying. Bob and his friends knew very well they were. The rascals made one or two more slips and in the end the magistrate held them pending extradition proceedings.

Farmer Warren, with John, went to Harlem to call on his sister, and Bob returned to his office. That afternoon he picked up a tip that induced him to buy 500 L. & J. at 92. The tip panned out good, for a week later the stock went to 105 and Bob made \$6,500 out of it. That made him worth \$12,700. Then for the first time he told his folks that he had made a haul out of the market, but did not say how much he had made. When he gave his mother \$100 and his sister \$50 to spend on themselves, and made his father a present of a handsome meerschaum pipe, they judged he had collared several hundred dollars. If he had confessed he was worth over \$12,000 they would have been amazed. He got himself a swell suit, and having received an invitation to call on Edith Henley, he lost little time in doing so. And that call was but the prelude to many others that followed.

Miss Henley being a comparative stranger in the city, had made very few friends as yet, and she was very glad to have Bob's company. He was quite a young gentleman in appearance, and manners, and made a favorable impression on the broker's daughter. Sometimes he met her father on these visits and sometimes he didn't. One evening he admitted to Edith that he was doing a little speculation on the quiet.

"Are you?" she said. "Then maybe I can give you a tip."

"That's something I never turn down," he replied.

"I heard my father tell a gentleman to-night to buy D. & C. He said a syndicate was backing it, and that it would go up between ten and fifteen points shortly, perhaps more."

"I'm much obliged for the pointer and will look into it. If I go in and should win, I'll make you a handsome present."

"Oh, I don't want anything for the tip."

"But you wouldn't refuse a present, would you?"

"Not if it took the shape of a box of candy," she laughed.

So Bob promised to confine himself to candy. But it should be the finest box he could get in the city. Bob looked up D. & C. next day and found it was selling at 102, and that it had advanced from 98. It was a gilt-edged stock that usually sold around par. Miss Henley assured him that her father had gone into it heavily and that he expected to make a lot of money out of it, and he fully believed her.

He decided to plunge on it, and, going to the little bank, he ordered 1,000 shares bought for

his account on margin, putting up \$10,000. This was a big deal both for him and the bank; for the bank would have to advance \$92,000 to carry it for him. He would be charged the current rate of interest on that sum for as many days as the deal ran. He figured it out himself and found that it would amount to a little over \$15 a day, and this, with the commission of \$250 for buying and the same for selling, would have to come out of his profits if he won, or out of his deposit if the deal went back on him.

The market was promising and a lot of business was being done in the Street. As Mr. Brooks was an old-established broker, with a sterling reputation, he had a great many customers, and consequently Bob was kept busy running errands here and there, carrying notes, fetching batches of stock to be transferred at the different transfer offices, and attending to lots of other things, so that he had little time during the rise of D. & C. to keep constant track of his deal. Still he managed to keep it in sight, for every time he went to the Exchange he got a line on its standing, and each time he looked at the latest quotations he found the price had advanced an eighth or more.

Every rise of even an eighth meant \$125 profit to him, and when they aggregated a full point he was \$1,000 to the good, consequently a week after he bought the shares, and they stood at 110, he was \$8,000 on the right side, less commission and accrued interest charges. The eighth day saw an advance of two full points, and the ninth a further rise of three points, adding \$5,000 more to his prospective profits.

He now began to think it was time for him to sell out, though the price was still advancing at a steady rate, and speculators were going wild over it. It was necessary for him to do this on the fly, since his time was not his own. His Wall Street experience told him that the boom might end at any moment, and if the price began to drop quickly he would lose a large part of the profits now in sight. As he was coming out of the messengers' entrance of the Exchange, after noting that D. & C. was going at 115, he ran against Broker Henley.

"Hello, Freeland," smiled Mr. Henley. "On the hop, skip and jump, as usual?"

"Yes, sir. Business is rushing at our place."

"It seems to be rushing all over the Street."

"On account of the rise in D. & C."

"Quite likely. That's the most important thing just now."

"Do you think it's going much higher?"

"No; I fancy it's near its limit. I had a big bunch of it and sold out an hour ago."

"There are lots holding on, though."

"The people who buy are holding on for a profit or they wouldn't buy."

"Don't you think it is foolish to buy when prices are high?"

"That depends on circumstances. If the price is higher than the stock will stand, it is foolish; if it isn't, it's a matter of opinion."

"I believe in buying low and selling high."

"An excellent principle," laughed the broker, "but the best stocks maintain a standard price, as a rule, and do not vary a whole lot one way or another under ordinary circumstances."

"I know, but they are generally lower when the

market is bad. Everything is up now because the market is stiff. Only D. & C. would be materially affected in case the boom broke."

"You seem to know something about the stock market."

"I ought to, I've been watching it long enough. Well, good-by, I must get on."

Instead of rushing back to his office, Bob made a bee-line for the little bank. The fact that Broker Henley had sold out was enough for him. He knew he had better sell. Running up and taking his place in the line at the margin clerk's window, he awaited his turn, and then put in his order, signing the paper authorizing the bank to sell his 1,000 shares. While he was hurrying to his office, the order was phoned to the bank's representative in the Exchange, and that person sold the stock in lots to suit, at 115 3-8. When the bank settled with Bob, two days later, the 3-8 about covered commission and interest charges and left him a clear \$13,000 profit.

That evening he made his next call on Edith Henley, bringing with him a five-pound box of the finest bonbons in New York, and a bouquet of her favorite flowers. Having notified her in advance, he was expected.

"Allow me to present you with a box of candy and this bouquet," he said.

"My goodness! You must have bought out the store," she said, looking at the box.

"No. I left some for other customers," he laughed.

"You're awfully good."

"Not at all. I used your tip and won——"

"How much did you win?"

"Guess."

"Maybe \$300."

"Oh, you're away out. I paid more than that in commission and interest charges."

"Then you must have bought several hundred shares."

"I bought 1,000 on margin. I had to put up \$10,000."

"Dear me! You're richer than I thought."

"I made \$13,000 profit on your tip."

"You did!" she exclaimed, opening her eyes.

"I did."

"I congratulate you."

"Won't you let me give you something better than this box of candy and these flowers on the strength of it? You'll eat the candy, and the flowers will wither, and then you'll have nothing to remember the pointer you gave me. Let me give you something substantial—something that you can't eat and time will not wither, and then you will have it to look at at any time."

"Well, you may if it is not expensive," she said.

"It's bound to cost a little something, for nothing is too good for you, in my estimation."

"You are quite complimentary," she answered, with a blush.

"This is a fine watch, isn't it? And the charm is handsome and valuable. Your father gave me the combination in consideration of the service I rendered him. Now, when a fellow makes so much as \$13,000, he feels like being liberal, particularly when he has received a big favor from such a charming young lady as yourself."

"Oh, dear, you will make me vain if you keep on," she said.

"I don't think you're that kind of a young lady. It would take a column of small type in the daily paper to fittingly express the high opinion I have of you."

"Please let's talk about something else."

"All right. What shall we talk about? It's a fine April evening, isn't it?"

"Yes," laughingly. "Can't you think of something else?"

"How would you like to go to the theater with me some evening? Would your father let you go with me?"

"I would like to go very much, and I am sure my father would not object."

"Let's figure on the date and the show, then. I'll ask your father, anyway, to-morrow, if I see him. I'll assure him I'll take the best of care of you."

"Oh, he has perfect confidence in you."

"I am glad to hear it. I suppose you have, also, or you would not agree to go with me."

"Of course," she said blushing.

They picked out the night and the play, and then began talking about something else. After an enjoyable evening, Bob took his leave at half-past ten, more than ever attracted toward the broker's lovely daughter.

CHAPTER IX.—The Ruse De Guerre.

Next morning Bob was sitting in his chair, having just returned from an errand when the door opened and a woman, with strongly marked and not very prepossessing features, came in. She stood a bit embarrassed at seeing so many men around, and a scene that was doubtless strange to her, but this feeling lasted but a moment. Throwing her chin aggressively forward, she walked to the cashier's window.

"Does a boy by the name of Bob Freeland work here?" she asked.

"Yes. He's in his chair yonder by the window," replied Peters.

As Bob was the only boy in the waiting room at that moment, the woman could not mistake him. She walked up to him with a hard look in her eyes.

"You are Bob Freeland?" she said, planting herself in front of him, her manner indicating hostility.

"Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you?" replied Bob, looking at her curiously.

"Do you know who I am?" she cried aggressively.

"No, ma'am, I haven't the honor. I don't remember having ever seen you before."

"I'm Mrs. Jim Love."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob. "You are the wife of one of those men who——"

"Yes, I am the wife of Jim Love, whom you had arrested on a framed-up charge. He's been in jail over two weeks now and you are the cause of it. He ain't no more guilty of what you've brought against him than I am. Understand?"

She spoke in a shrill, angry voice that attracted attention all over the office.

"If he wasn't guilty, he wouldn't be where he

is," said Bob, now fully prepared to deal with the woman.

"It's a lie! You are tryin' to hound him to prison."

"You are wrong, ma'am. I have no personal interest one way or another in his case. He and his friend, William Smith, shot Broker Henley. I heard them talking it over and gambling for their victim's watch and diamond ring. I took their booty away from them afterward. If they were innocent they wouldn't have stolen property in their possession."

"Jim says he and Bill found the money, ring and watch."

"He didn't say so in court. Anyway, I know he didn't."

"I believe Jim. No one saw him or Bill shoot the gentleman. He never shot anybody in his life. He's a good man, Jim is, and I'll stand by him."

"It is quite right for you to stand by your husband whether he's guilty or not."

"I say he ain't guilty."

"All right, ma'am. You're entitled to your opinion."

"I want you to withdraw the charge against him and Bill."

"You're asking too much, ma'am."

"You mean to say you won't?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you'd better look out for yourself. Jim and me have friends, and they'll fix you unless you haul off. Understand?"

"If they try it, they'll get in trouble themselves."

"They ain't worryin' about that. They're goin' to help Jim and Bill. You'd better do the right thing before they get after you. I came here to give you warnin'. If you don't take it, so much the worse for you."

"I think you'd better go, ma'am. You can't intimidate me. I always do my duty, and it's my duty to see that your husband and his friend Bill are taken care of. I consider them dangerous characters to be at large."

"They'll never be convicted. There ain't no real evidence against them. They'll get free, and when they do they'll attend to you."

"I thought their friends were going to attend to me?"

"So they will. If there's anythin' left of you, Jim and Bill will put the finishing touches on."

"It was very kind of you to tell me what I can expect. I will look out and try to avoid your husband's friends."

"Oh, they'll get you, if you had a cop on each side of you."

"We'll see, ma'am," said Bob, rising and going into the counting room to get rid of his unpleasant visitor.

She glared after him and then, with a sniff, walked out.

"Who was that woman, and what was she trying to do to you, Bob?" inquired the margin clerk, as the force looked at him inquiringly.

"She's the wife of one of those fellows I had arrested for shooting Broker Henley. She wanted me to let up on her husband, and when she found I wouldn't, she threatened me," said Bob.

"A barking dog never bites."

"You can't tell in this case. Those fellows

have friends as bad as themselves, and they might try to do me. I mean to keep my eyes skinned."

"You'd better notify the police that you've been threatened."

"What good would it do? The police never act until something has occurred that calls for their intervention. If I was slugged on the street they would look for the sluggers."

"If you were killed, what good would their arrest do you?"

"I guess I can take care of myself."

"It's a bad thing to get the ill-will of a tough gang. If I'd been you, I wouldn't have butted in in the broker matter. It is really not your business. The rascals didn't shoot you."

"They made a prisoner of me and treated me rather rough."

"Well, you got square with them when the wagon slipped into the ditch."

"If they hadn't tried to enter Broker Nugent's office across the corridor the Saturday afternoon I was detained here, I wouldn't have got on their track."

"You were a fool to follow them up. It was nothing in your pocket."

"Well, I did it, and it's too late now to reconsider my action. I dare say I'd do it again, for that's the kind of chap I am."

"Don't you know that when a crime is committed anywhere that no matter how many people might have seen it committed, the police find it hard to secure enough witnesses to convict the criminals?"

"That's because the people are afraid to come forward to testify."

"Of course they are. They know better than to run the risk of getting into trouble over a matter that does not concern them."

"It does concern them, indirectly. Crooks are encouraged to commit crime because of the disinclination of witnesses to appear against them. How does a witness know but it might be his turn next? People ought to unite to put down rascality, and then there would not be so much of it. If the police do their part and the people refuse to do theirs, the police have just cause to complain and contend that their duty is made all the harder."

"This isn't a debating club. Cut it out!" interrupted the cashier. "Here's a note for you to take out, Freeland."

Bob took the envelope and left the office. Some days later Mr. Brooks received a letter, on a printed heading, from a man he had never heard of before, asking him to buy 100 shares of Alpha mining stock and send the certificate by his office boy to No. — Washington street, upstairs. The stock was worth 25 cents a share, and the minimum commission on such an order was one dollar. The writer inclosed \$26 in bills and had registered the letter.

A postscript to the letter said that as the writer was sometimes away from his office, he wished Mr. Brooks to advise him by postcard when he might expect the messenger with the stock. He said that around four in the afternoon would suit him best. The stock was bought, and the man was notified that it would be delivered on the following day at four o'clock. At twenty minutes past four Bob was dispatched with the certificate of stock in an envelope, with

directions to get a receipt, which he could turn in next morning.

No. — Washington street was some distance up, in a cheap locality where there were a number of tenements occupied by longshoremen mostly, and their families. Bob reached the place shortly after four. He looked for the man's name around the door of the entrance leading upstairs. He found it roughly painted on a piece of cardboard with a marking brush. Underneath were the words, "Top floor—back—Room 6."

"I guess he's some cheap skate. I wonder what's his business? I guess he must get his trade by canvassing for it," thought the Wall Street boy, as he started up the well-worn stairs.

It was an old four-story brick building. A feed and grain firm occupied the ground floor. The second floor had three tenants. The third was entirely used by a printer, and the fourth was vacant in front, according to a sign Bob had seen in the windows. The printer appeared to be busy for Bob heard the rumble of a couple of cylinder presses of the drum kind that shook the building with their vibrations. As he started up the last flight a boy came out of the printery with a bundle.

"There ain't nobody up there," he said.

"Why, is Mr. Coope out?" said Bob.

"Coope! There ain't nobody of that name in this buildin'. The top floor ain't rented."

"His name is on a cheap sign down at the door, and it says top floor, back, Room 6," said Bob.

"Then he must have moved in here lately," said the boy.

He walked off and Bob continued on up the stairs. Room 6 bore Mr. Coope's name in similar style to that downstairs. Bob turned the knob and walked in. He found himself in a comparatively bare room, the entire furnishing consisting of a cheap table and three cheap chairs. On the table lay some clothes line. Apparently Mr. Coope had just rented the place and had not yet moved his traps in, which probably accounted for the makeshift sign below. So thought Bob, as he saw three men seated at the table. They looked at him, and one jumped up.

"I called to see Mr. Coope," said Bob.

"That's my name. You are from Mr. Brooks' office?"

"Yes. I've brought the stock you purchased—one certificate of 100 shares."

"Just so."

"Here it is," and the boy handed him the envelope. "Please sign this receipt."

"Take a seat," said Coope.

"It's hardly worth while," said Bob.

"But I particularly desire that you sit down a moment. I have a little business I wish to discuss with you."

As Bob sat down the other two men got up and one of them took the clothes line.

"Here's your receipt," said Coope, after signing it with a lead pencil. "Now, young man, you are in the presence of three friends of Jim Love and Bill Smith. The purchase of that certificate of stock was merely a job to get you here so that we could come to an understanding with you. We expect before this interview is over that you will agree to let up on Jim and Bill. In order to satisfy your scruples and adjust the matter on easy terms, we will pay you the sum of \$100.

"Here is the money," and Coope produced ten ten-dollar bills from his pocket.

"So I have been trapped!" said the boy, drawing a long breath.

"Yes; very neatly, too, don't you think? It was my idea."

"Your object is to bribe me?"

"Not at all. I am offering you the \$100 simply as a present."

"It is practically the same thing."

"We won't argue the matter. The \$100 is yours on condition that you promise to let up on Jim and Bill."

"I won't make any such promise. I have already told my story in court and it is down on the record. I couldn't draw out if I wanted to."

"Nonsense! You can, and must."

"Must! Do you think you can make me?"

"Such is our idea. If you won't listen to reason, we must make you listen to it."

"How are you going to do that?"

"Do you refuse the money?"

"I do."

"And you will continue to do your best to send Jim and Bill to prison?"

"I'm not responsible for the fix they're in."

"That isn't what I asked you. Will you keep on doing your best to down our friends?"

"Yes, I will. I don't propose to be intimidated."

Coope made a sign to the men who were standing behind the boy. They grabbed him and while one gagged him with a cloth, the other, with some help from Coope, bound him to the chair.

CHAPTER X.—How Bob Put It Over on Coope and Company.

"Now," said Coope, "since you chose to act rusty, we are obliged to handle you without gloves. You are in our power and we propose to make you do as we want. Will you take the \$100? Nod your head and you'll be released."

Bob refused to make any sign.

"Still stubborn, eh? Think we don't mean business, maybe. Ever hear of the third degree that the police work? Of course you have. Any one who has been through it remembers it. We have a little third degree of our own which is much simpler but just as effective. We'll try it on you and let you see how it works."

Coope went to a closet and brought a small pitcher containing water. He placed it on the table. He took from his pocket a small piece of new hay-rope. He soaked the rope in the water a few moments.

"Now hold his thumbs together," he said to his companions.

They did so, and Coope tied Bob's thumbs together firmly but not too tight.

"Tie his legs to the chair so he can't move at all."

This was done in a few moments.

"There, I think you'll stay there till further notice. We are going downstairs to get a drink and have a smoke. You may expect us back in half an hour. About that time the charm will begin to work. If you can hold out against it, you can stand more than I think you can. Come on, fellows."

The three men left the room and Bob heard

one of them lock the door. He heard them go downstairs, cross the landing below, and start down the next flight, then their footsteps were drowned by the rumble and jar of the cylinder presses underneath. Left alone, Bob had time to think. He realized that he was in a bad predicament. The friends of Jim and Bill had worked a neat little trick on him. The purchase of the 100 shares of mining stock had got him into their clutches.

They wouldn't be out the amount invested, though that was only \$25, for they could sell the stock again for about what they paid for it. All the ruse would cost them would be two or three dollars. They had hoped to bribe him for \$100, and had failed. Then they had resorted to the scheme of tying his thumbs together with a bit of new rope, which they had wet. Bob knew very well what was going to happen. As the rope dried it would shrink and compress his thumbs, like a vise gradually applied. The question that interested Bob was to what extent would hay-rope shrink. On account of the looseness of its fiber it might be expected to contract considerably.

Coope had probably experimented with it beforehand. Bob was fully alive to the situation. It struck him that he might be able to rid himself of the instrument of torture while it was wet. Coope had tied his thumbs tight enough to hold, as he figured. He forgot, however, that hay-rope, when wet, can easily be stretched. Bob knew that any kind of rope will stretch when wet, so exerting himself, he soon got rid of the compress-to-be.

"That's one point I've made," he thought, "but unless I can free myself altogether it will amount to nothing, for when they get back they'll repeat the program, and then keep watch on me."

Accordingly, Bob began to struggle with his bonds. He had been tied pretty securely to the chair and would have failed to free himself but for the fact that one of the rungs around which half of the rope passed had been fractured and the strain Bob brought on it caused it to snap in two. That eased the rope up so much that he was enabled to withdraw one arm with some trouble. That was all he needed to bring about his release, for thrusting his hand in his pocket, he brought out his pocket knife, and its big blade made short work of the rest of the rope. Then he bent down and cut the rope that held his ankles to the chair. That left him as free as when he entered the room. The next thing was to escape from the room. The door being locked, he could not get out that way.

There happened to be another door leading into the adjoining room. He tried it, found it was not locked and entered the next room. The door of that room, which opened on the landing, was locked, however. An inner door let him into the front room, overlooking the street. The door on the landing had the key in the lock, so all Bob had to do was to walk out. By that time it was past five o'clock, the presses had stopped, and the employees of the printery gone home. Doubtless, Coope and his companions were figuring on that fact, which would give them full swing with their victim. Bob reached the second floor when he heard steps coming up. Suspecting it might be his enemies, he took refuge behind a

pile of boxes which offered him just room enough to squeeze himself out of sight. He didn't dare peep out for fear of discovery, and he heard the persons, whoever they were, go on upstairs. Then he made a break for the street, quite tickled at having accomplished his escape.

"They'll have a fit when they find me gone," he chuckled. "I'll bet they'll do some tall swearing. I must look out that they don't trap me again, for the next time I probably wouldn't get off so easy."

He walked up to Greenwich street, took an elevated train and reached home shortly before six. Next morning, when Mr. Brooks reached the office, Bob went in and told him about his adventure on Washington street.

"Did you report the matter to the police?" asked the broker.

"No. What's the use?"

"Those chaps ought to be arrested and sent to prison."

"They ought to be, but as soon as they found I was gone they doubtless made tracks for another part of the city, and had a couple of policemen gone to the building looking for them, they would not have found them."

"The chap who bought those 100 shares of Alpha will probably go to some broker and offer the stock for sale. I'll notify the transfer office to advise me when a 100-share certificate bearing the name of Henry Coope is presented for transfer to somebody else. By that means we ought to catch the man who offers it for sale."

"Coope might not figure in the matter himself."

"Whoever does figure in it can be arrested and made to tell where he got the stock, and in that way we may be able to capture Coope."

"All right, sir. I think that's a good idea. I'd like to show those chaps that they can't work such games with impunity."

So Mr. Brooks sent a note to the firm that acted as transfer agents for the mine, and they returned word that they would keep track of the matter. Four days afterward Mr. Brooks got word that the certificate had been presented for transfer by Clark & Co., brokers. Mr. Brooks wrote a note to Clark & Co., and told Bob to take it to them.

"Explain the matter in full," he said to the office boy.

Bob carried the note over and asked to see Mr. Clark. He got an audience with that gentleman. Clark read the note and, turning to the boy, asked him for the particulars. Bob told his story. The broker called in his cashier.

"Who is the party who left the 100 shares of Alpha for sale?"

"He's a stranger to us, but I have his name outside."

Clark explained the situation to the cashier and told him to attend to it. Bob accompanied the cashier to his desk. The customer's name was Judkins.

"He'll be in some time this afternoon for his money, probably," said the cashier. "What do you want us to do?"

"Hold him and notify Mr. Brooks."

"All right."

Bob went back to his office and reported to his employer. Mr. Brooks immediately sent to the

Wall Street Detective Agency for a detective. When he came the case was explained to him.

"If you will send word to the office when the man turns up, I will go around with your young man to Clark & Co., and if he proves to be Coope I'll arrest him. If he isn't Coope, and he refuses to give a satisfactory explanation of how he came by the stock, I'll arrest him, anyway, if you say so, and bring him over here."

"Do so. This matter must be investigated," said the broker.

About three o'clock word was received at Brooks' office that the customer named Judkins was at Clark & Co.'s office, waiting for his money. Word was returned to detain him with some excuse until Bob and the detective arrived. Then the sleuth was telephoned for and came to the office. Bob was waiting for him, and they went to Clark & Co.'s together. When Judkins was pointed out to Bob, he saw it was not Coope, nor either of his companions. He was called into the private room and questioned by the detective. He said he was a saloon keeper of No. — Grand street. He had bought the certificate from a man who offered it to him for \$20. The man had bought several drinks and had no money to pay for them. He had been in his place a number of times and he knew his face, but did not know his name. He could not say when he was likely to come in again.

"You could identify him if he did, couldn't you?"

"Yes."

"Will you try to find out his name and address and notify Edwards Brooks?" asked the detective.

"I will do so."

"All right," said the sleuth. "I'll take your word for it."

"Isn't the stock any good?" asked the saloon-keeper.

"Oh, yes, it's good."

"Was it stolen?"

"No."

"Then I can get back my money?"

"Yes, of course. But, remember, we depend on you to let us know when the man turns up again."

"I'll send word," said the saloonkeeper, and that ended the interview.

"Do you think he'll keep his word?" Bob asked the detective.

"Leave that to me. He didn't tell us the truth, I am satisfied. He knows the man who gave him the stock to sell, and that man is Coope. It is probable he will meet Coope when he goes back to his saloon and turn the price of the stock over to him."

"In which case we'll not be able to catch the fellow," said Bob.

"I don't know about that. I intend to be at the saloon myself when he gets there."

"But he'll recognize you."

"I'll risk that," smiled the sleuth. "I want you to follow him out and get in conversation with him. Delay him as long as you can so I can have the time to disguise myself a little and get to the saloon ahead of him. Understand?"

Bob did, and he carried out the detective's instructions to the letter. Then he returned to the

office. It was then about four and he was through for the day.

CHAPTER XI.—Bob Buys a Trolley Line.

Soon after the office opened for business next morning the detective made his appearance. Bob had just returned from his first errand.

"I've got your man," said the sleuth.

"What—Coope?"

"Yes, but that isn't his name. It's a new alias. His name is Henry Turk, and he's a confidence man and all-round swindler. His picture is in the Rogues' Gallery. I want you to come to Headquarters with me and identify him."

"I'll do it," said Bob.

"He'll be placed in a line with other crooks and a detective or two. You'll have to pick him out. If you fail, the case against him will have to be dropped."

"Oh, I'll be able to identify him unless he was very much disguised at the time I ran against him," said Bob.

"He had a short beard, didn't he? That's the description you gave me of him."

"Yes."

"He has no beard now."

"Then how did you know him?"

"You remember, I was particular to ask about the color of his eyes, the way his ears stood, what sort of a nose he had, and if he had any scar of any kind on his face or hands."

"Yes."

"We detectives put little faith in beards, because they are so often false. I expected that when he showed himself at the saloon he would not have a beard, and I was right. I looked for the other points you were sharp enough to notice. The small, anchor-shaped scar close to the side of his right eye particularly. So when you go up to the line get close to the men and look for the scar. It is not hard to see. Then you'll have your man."

Bob got permission to accompany the detective, and he had no difficulty in identifying Coope, or Henry Turk, as he was known to the police. He was taken to the Tombs Court and the Wall Street boy appeared against him. He was charged with attempted bribery of a witness and with assault in the second degree. He pleaded not guilty and was remanded back to the Tombs. It was about this time that Bob noticed that R. & O. was going up, and he took a chance on 1,000 shares at 78. He had nothing to guide him but the trend of the market.

He considered the chances good that he would win out. Still it was a matter of luck, for the market was always liable to change. He did not count on much of an advance, but if he cleared \$1,000 and his commission he would be satisfied. He could do this on a rise of a point and a half. On the following day it advanced a quarter. Then it remained steady almost for two days. On Monday it made a sudden jump of two points and Bob was ready to sell. He failed to get to the little bank that day, and next morning R. & O. opened at 81 1/8. On Bob's first visit to the Exchange he found some excitement going on around the standard of the stock, and the blackboard

noted the fact that it was up to 82, and advancing.

He decided to hold on instead of selling, and see how things would come out. At noon it was going at 85. He met Broker Henley on the street and asked him about the unexpected rise in R. & O.

"It's a surprise to me," he said. "I couldn't tell you the cause of it."

"Do you think it will go higher?"

"It looks as if it would, but nobody can tell unless the interests behind it. They might be able to push it up ten points more."

When Bob got back to the office he looked up R. & O.'s record in the book that gave the rise and fall of every stock dealt in for a year back from the date of publication. During that time R. & O. had fluctuated between 69 and 84. Therefore, Bob reasoned that 85 was high for it, and that it was not likely to maintain that altitude long.

He held on, however, and the stock closed at 87 3/8 that afternoon. Bob decided that was as high as he would take any chances, and he got off at twenty minutes of four. The brokerage department of the little bank was open till four to take orders for execution next morning. Bob hurried up there and told the clerk to sell his shares at the opening of the Exchange.

"All right, young man. It shall be done. Sign that slip," said the clerk.

Bob cleared \$9,000 on the deal, and that made him worth \$35,000.

"I'm beginning to see my way clear to becoming a broker one of these days," he told himself.

That evening he spruced up and called on Miss Henley. He had taken her to the theater, with her father's consent, the preceding week, and he asked her how she would like to go again. She replied it would suit her first rate, so they picked out another night and another show.

"I'll tell father I'm going with you and it will be all right," she said.

During the evening he told her about his recent success in the market. Somehow or other he broke his golden rule with her not to tell his business to anybody. She already knew more about his business affairs than his own people. He trusted her implicitly, though he cautioned her not to tell her father.

"It's against the rule in Wall Street for me to speculate, and if your father knew I was doing it, he might think I was neglecting my employer's interests, and I might suffer in his estimation," he said.

"No fear. He has the very highest opinion of you," she answered.

"I judge so, or he wouldn't permit you to associate with me."

"That is quite true. Since mother died all father's hopes are centered in me, and he almost makes a baby of me."

"I suppose he'll want you to marry some millionaire."

"He is not thinking about me getting married yet a while. I'm only seventeen."

"Then there's a chance for me to make a million and win you."

Edith blushed prettily and started a new subject. Bob had decided by this time that Edith was the finest girl in the world, and he wondered

if she would ever be anything more than a friend to him. He went home hoping she would, and determined to make all the money he could so that her father would consider him a suitable match for her.

Next day Jim Love and Bill Smith were taken to New Jersey and were subsequently tried for their crime and convicted. They were sent to prison for ten years. One day Bob saw an advertisement in the paper stating that the Jinxville & Lake Pleasant Trolley Line was to be sold at auction. This road had been started when the Lake Pleasant Amusement Co. was incorporated to make a little Coney Island of the north side of the lake. The trolley company secured its charter and obtained right of way across a fine open section of country that was lovely to ride through in summer. The distance between Jinxville, on the United Traction Line from Jersey City and the lake was two miles, and the cost of building and equipping the line was not very great. The company organized with a capital of \$50,000, sold all its 10,000 stock at \$5 and built the line.

Then it raised a mortgage of \$20,000 on the property to equip it. In the meantime the Lake Pleasant Amusement Co. was organized with a capital of \$250,000. The promoters obtained an option on the land selected, had it surveyed, and had plans and drawings made of the amusement buildings they intended to put up. Then there came a halt in the proceedings, owing to some flaw in the title of the land, and this was carried into court to be settled. The amusement company's stock was ready to go on the market, but no promoter of stock would handle it till the suit was settled and the company could get a clear title to the land.

As it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that the matter would be fixed up, the backers of the new trolley line felt they had no cause to worry, and the road was speedily built, for it doesn't take long to lay rails over a level country where everything was in the road's favor. Then the mortgage was put on the road and its power plant and the cars ordered. With the coming of spring the road started operations, though it was now clear that the new little Coney Island would not amount to much that year, for the suit still hung fire. At this stage of proceedings the chief backer of the amusement enterprise died and his widow decided to have nothing to do with the scheme. The result was the little Coney Island ended in a fiasco, and the new trolley line was up against a losing game.

The president of the company tried to enlist capital to go on with the plans of the disbanded company, but he did not succeed. The company found it didn't pay to run the road as a trolley line, and horses were substituted and a single car was run over the line each day to hold the charter pending the sale of the road to the United Traction Co. The United Traction Co., however, didn't want it and would not buy at any price. Then the company defaulted in its interest on the mortgage, which was at once foreclosed, and after the usual legal proceedings, which took some months, during which time the car was run under the direction of the referee, the court ordered the sale of the line. It was that announcement Bob saw in a Jersey City paper. The road

was to be sold at Jinxville. Up to the moment of the sale the company had the right to step in, pay the mortgage and all legal expenses, and save the road.

The company had no money, nor inclination, to rescue the property, for there was nothing in it. The stockholders preferred to stand their loss than to assess themselves fifty per cent. of what they had paid for their stock to save the property, which they couldn't run except at a dead loss. On the day after Bob saw the notice of the sale, which was to take place in ten days, he was in Mr. Brooks' private room looking over the letter-file cabinet for a letter his boss wanted. A gentleman came in and asked Mr. Brooks if he would like to take stock in a new amusement company which was going to carry out the plans of the Lake Pleasant company and purchase the trolley line at the sale.

Bob was an interested listener to the talk and neglected the job he had in hand to listen. He discovered that the new amusement company was practically a fact, and had the necessary backing to insure success. It was bound to go through, according to the gentleman. The trolley line was bound to pay during half the year, at least at the start, and the new company proposed to make the lake a winter resort, too, which would be still better for the trolley line. The gentleman said that the road would go for the mortgage and legal charges, or about \$25,000. It said it was easily worth \$50,000 and had cost \$70,000, nearly.

"We will form a new trolley company independent of the amusement enterprise," said the gentleman, "capitalize it for \$100,000, sell the stock, and make a big profit."

Mr. Brooks agreed to take 100 shares in the amusement company at \$50 a share, and the gentleman went away. Bob was something of a schemer, and it occurred to him that the Jinxville & Lake Pleasant Line could make money by paying the mortgage and legal expenses and then selling out to the new enterprise. Or the company could inject fresh capital after clearing off its indebtedness, wait till the new enterprise was opened, and run its line at a profit. After thinking the matter over, Bob went to Jinxville on Saturday afternoon and called on the president of the road, who ran a dry goods store. Representing himself as a party interested in the sale of the line, he said:

"You hold the controlling interest in the trolley line, Mr. Woods?"

"I do. I have 6,000 shares, which cost me \$30,000 and which aren't worth a cent to-day. It was a bad investment."

"I should say so! When the road is sold, the company will have nothing left to show for the money invested. Now suppose you were offered \$1,000 for your stock—would you sell it?"

"Who would give the thousand?"

"I would."

"You!"

"I have a scheme that I might be able to work if I secured control of the road. Give me a ten-day option on your stock at \$1,000, and I will see what I can do."

The president wanted to know what his scheme was, but Bob refused to tell. He offered the gentleman \$250 for the option, and Mr. Woods finally

accepted and signed a paper to that effect. Bob then called on the other twelve stockholders who held the 4,000 shares, and secured options from all of them. On Monday he got leave of absence from the office on the ground of special business he had to attend to. Then he went to Jinxville and took up all the options, paying about \$2,000 for the whole stock. The possession of the stock made him the company. He at once called on the referee and said he was ready to pay off the mortgage and legal expenses and rescue the trolley line from the court. He was told it would cost him \$24,500.

"I'll have the money here to-morrow," said Bob.

By Saturday he was in possession of the Jinxville & Lake Pleasant Trolley Line and the sale was officially declared off.

CHAPTER XII.—A Lucky Risk.

On Sunday, Bob called at the Hotel Aueduct and told Broker Henley that he had bought the Jinxville & Lake Pleasant Trolley Line.

The gentleman stared at him.

"You'll have to make it clearer."

Bob then entered into a full explanation of the matter.

"You say the stock cost you about \$2,000 and taking up the mortgage cost \$24,500?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who did you buy it for?"

"Myself."

"Who put up the money?"

"I put it up. I had \$35,000 lying around loose, and as I figured the risk was safe, I bought everything in sight. I have resigned from the office and shall run the road myself, not much of a job, until I sell it at a profit, unless I reorganize the company and hold on to it."

"What parties do you expect to sell it to?"

"The new amusement company which is going to make a summer park at the lake."

"How do you know that company will buy it at a price that will give you a profit?"

"Because I know the promoters of that company expected to buy it in at the sale which was slated for the coming Wednesday, but which, under the change of affairs, will not take place."

Bob then told Mr. Henley what he had overheard in his boss' private room.

"What are you going to ask for the road?"

"Not less than \$50,000. The amusement enterprise is sure to go through, and the only way the people can get to the lake is to walk or take the trolley. The road is bound to pay during the season, so if the amusement company refuses to pay my price, I'll run it myself. I've got \$8,500 cash yet, so I guess I can get along."

The broker was astonished at the boy's nerve—first, in buying the trolley line, and next in proposing to run it himself. He was greatly interested in Bob, not only because the boy had probably saved his life, but because he believed he was unusually smart. He would have advised the boy against the course he had pursued, and now that he was actually in it he was disposed to help him out, and said so.

"I'm greatly obliged to you, Mr. Henley. I know you're a friend of mine, and would do considerable for me, but I don't think I need any

more than your friendly support. I'm going to make a profit out of this speculation or know the reason why. The only thing that can beat me is for the amusement people to procure a franchise if they can and build a road themselves in opposition to me. I should oppose it before the railroad commission on the ground that two trolley lines to the lake would be a ridiculous superfluity, and I guess the amusement company would not be able to get a franchise. On the whole, I think I'd rather keep the trolley line and run it as a business for myself."

"It would be an excellent idea, I admit, if you could do so."

"I see no reason why I can't do it. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. If I decide to reorganize the company, I'll ask you to take a little stock. I'll get my uncle to take some, and I'll give my father enough shares to make him eligible as a director. I'll take in just enough stockholders to legalize the company under the laws of New Jersey and make it a close corporation."

"I think you had better reorganize the company. You will then have people in with you who will be in a position to advise you, and you will have enough capital for any emergency that might arise. The money you still have, \$8,500, is not enough, in my opinion, to meet the possibilities of the situation. If you were sure that everything would run smoothly, it might do, but you are pretty certain to be up against trouble with the amusement company. According to your information, this company has counted on taking the trolley line over as an annex to its plans, and as soon as they find out definitely that they have been dished out of it, the promoters are bound to take action to force you to sell the line."

"How can they force me to sell what belongs to me?" said Bob. "The line is my property, free and clear."

"They will investigate the way in which you brought about this result. They will learn that you purchased the stock of the shareholders for a song, and they may talk the people into bringing suit to recover their stock on the ground of misrepresentation, or something else, on your part."

"Pooh! Such suits wouldn't hold water. I did not force any stockholder to sell. As the case stood when I approached them with my proposition, they were certain to lose every dollar they had invested in the road. I paid them at the rate of 17 cents a share, and by taking me up they made that amount. Instead of losing \$5 a share, they lost \$4.83. They had the privilege during the four months the case was in court of raising the \$24,500 among themselves and saving the road. If they didn't care, or feel able, to do that, it was their own lookout. Of course, if I had gone to them and told them about the new amusement company, and its plans, they would have raised the money quickly enough, and all I'd have got would have been their thanks. The way to make money is to take advantage of one's opportunities, and that is what I've done in this case."

"That's very true, Freeland. Your position is safe enough in equity, but for all that you would have to defend your rights if suits were brought. If you won in the lower court, as you probably would, the cases would be appealed in order to

test your financial resources and on the chance that the higher court might reverse the judgment of the lower one and put you to the expense of a new trial."

"Then you think I'd better reorganize the company so as to be able to fight the opposition if suits are brought?"

"I would advise you to, for as a boy you would be at a disadvantage."

Bob dined with the broker and his daughter and then went home. He had already told his folks about his purchase and how he had made the money to do it with, and they were amazed. On Monday he went to Jinxville to see that the car made its daily trips. The conditions of the franchise only required one round trip a day, but the car had made two trips—one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, the driver officiating as conductor when he had a passenger, which was not often. The referee, while in charge, had been asked to run to the suburbs of Jinxville and back to the junction of the United Traction line every half hour for the accommodation of the residents along the line and sell tickets for the short ride at two for five cents, but he had declined, for all he was interested in was the holding of the franchise.

Bob decided to make that arrangement, to take effect at once. He inserted a standing advertisement in the Jinxville semi-weekly, stating that the car would make its first trip to the lake at eight, and its second at four. Between times it would run half hourly between the junction and the town limits, and that ten tickets for a quarter would be sold. During the week a representative from the amusement company came to Jinxville to find out why the sale had been declared off, and he was referred to Bob.

The boy told him that the road was out of difficulty and would be run as a horse line till further notice. Next day the man came back and said he was authorized to make an offer for the purchase of the road.

"What's your offer?" asked Bob.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"No good. It cost me more than that."

"Will you submit a price yourself?"

"Yes. My price is \$60,000."

"That's ridiculous. You might get \$30,000."

"I can run this road indinitely, whether I make a dollar or not."

The man went away and a few days afterward Bob received an offer of \$30,000 by letter, but he promptly declined it. The amusement company was now ready to rush up its buildings and make its other preparations for its first season, and it wanted the trolley road to transport material from Jinxville, where it would be landed by train from Jersey City. Accordingly, it made an offer of \$35,000.

"Nothing doing," was Bob's answer.

The company then directed the contractor to go ahead and get his material to the lake by wagon. Bob heard about it and, going to the contractor, he said he could transport it cheaper for him. A deal was finally made and Bob put his two flat cars in commission. The amusement company had a kick with the contractor and told him to cut Bob out, but it was too late. Then the company sent a man around among the late stockholders of the company to stir them up

against the line. Bob, however, had this move checkmated.

He had gone to the late stockholders himself and offered to take care of them in a small way when he reorganized the company, and they stood in with him to a man. The amusement company took no further action to buy the road, but went on with their original plans. One day the president of the company called on Bob and made him an offer.

"The company will pay you \$40,000 for the road—half cash and half in stock of the amusement company," he said.

Bob declined the offer. He concluded to reorganize the company, and after a consultation with Broker Henley and his lawyer, the matter was submitted to the proper authorities, and the company was permitted to reorganize, with a capital stock of 20,000 shares, at \$5. Bob agreed to turn the road over for 13,000 shares. Broker Henley took 1,000 shares for himself and 500 for his daughter. Bob's uncle took 100 shares for \$500. Mr. Brooks took 500 shares and induced several members of the amusement company to purchase 3,000 shares between them. The balance of the stock was sold to various parties. That gave the company the line and \$3,000 cash in the treasury. Bob kept his word with the old stockholders and divided 1,000 of his own shares among them, at \$1 a share. He presented his father with 1,000 shares for \$1. That left him with 11,000 shares, a clear controlling interest.

At this stage of the game a real estate syndicate was formed by Broker Henley among his friends, and two farms were bought close to the lake on either side of the trolley road. A part of this land was cut up into building lots and offered to the public at a reasonable figure for home sites, every purchaser to receive a pass over the Jinxville & Lake Pleasant road for one year for himself and family. The amusement company opened up on the Fourth of July, and the trolley line carried a large number of people to the lake during July, August and September, and the road, with Bob as president and general manager, made money.

That, however, was only the start. It ran as a horse-car line, that proviso being in its franchise, during the winter, and next summer, when the little Coney Island was fully completed, it resumed electric traction and did a land-office business in connection with the United Traction line. The real estate company sold off all its land and a hundred houses were put up. The land all the way to the lake was turned into building lots, making it a practical continuation of Jinxville, though not part of the town. The result was the trolley line became a permanent success and benefit to that locality.

After a year's engagement to Edith Henley, they were married, and went to live in a beautiful home at Jinxville, and Mr. Henley also lived with them, for he could not live away from his daughter. And so Bob's risk proved a lucky one for himself, and fortunate for those he took in with him, and was evidence of the nerve of a Wall Street office boy.

Next week's issue will contain "THE RACE FOR GOLD; or, AFTER AN AZTEC TREASURE."

CURRENT NEWS

NEW FERTILIZER.

Senator W. A. Paulhamus, who is declared to be the second agricultural wizard of the West, recently discovered a new fertilizer in the form of some sort of moss and he tried it on a hill of rhubarb.

The result is amazing and according to Senator Paulhamus one leaf of the pieplant seems inclined to emulate a date palm, standing five feet high with a spread of leaf seven feet across.

He declares that another week's growth will enable him to park his automobile beneath it. Some of the fertilizer spaded in around a calla lily has produced a plant four feet tall with great yellow blossoms. The fertilizer is a product of the West and is said to be obtained in large quantities simply for hauling it from the woods and swamps.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS GRAND CANON.

There is a new thrill in store for tourists of the Grand Canon of Colorado, says the Popular Mechanics Magazine. In spite of almost insuperable difficulties a suspension bridge has been constructed across the Colorado River, at Granite Gorge, permitting direct access from the south side to the north side—or north rim, as it is called—of the canon, where is located the grandest scenery in the park, hitherto inaccessible to tourists. Henceforth the rim-to-rim travel is destined to be the most exciting incident in a visit to the Grand Canon.

The site of the bridge is just above the mouth of Bright Angel Creek, about 10 miles by trail from Grand Canon station. It is a narrow gorge with precipitous rocky walls towering to a height on the southern rim of 4,500 feet, and on the north rim to 1,500 feet higher. It is the only bridge over the Colorado River for a distance of 500 miles between The Needles, Cal., and the point in Utah where the Colorado is formed by the junction of the Grand and Green Rivers.

SPARKLING TAIL OF MOUSE.

A tale that will interest Curator Ditmars of the Bronx Zoo, New York, was narrated by Miss Geneieve Allen, head of the Abandonment Bureau at the District Attorney's office. She told of having battled in her office with a mouse that had "a diamond on its tail." Miss Allen was alone when the "monster" was seen, but she did not faint; instead, she hurled a telephone book at the intruder. Great was her relief when the mouse fled, but greater her joy at finding that the impish little thing had "discarded" a diamond it must have "worn," she said.

The gem was a diamond earring in a gold setting. The stone, it was estimated, weighed half a carat. To verify her tale, Miss Allen turned over the gem to Acting District Attorney Benton. He put it into a safe to await a claimant. Miss Allen said a woman client reported such a loss several days ago. How the mouse could

have picked up the circlet of gold is a new kind of mystery the personnel of the District Attorney's office is trying to unravel.

FINED FOR INGENUOUS POSTAGE STAMP FRAUD.

French postal authorities expected a substantial reduction in the number of letters when they raised the stamp rates to 25 centimes for interior mails, but they failed to count on the ingenuity which has been exercised by one Paris mail order merchant. It is common for mail order salesmen to scan hotel lists and directories for the names of possible clients to whom they then address circulars, with stamped envelopes for reply. Naturally this confidence in the prospective client's interest has a psychological effect in a large number of cases.

But with the increased postage rates this practice seemed doomed, until a clever Parisian discovered that it was possible to cover a stamp with a thin layer of mucilage, which with the cancellation stamp mark could be sponged off when the reply arrived. The postal detectives, however, happened to open a package of envelopes, which gave off a peculiar sticky perfume, and discovered the trick which resulted in the arrest of the merchant. His good previous record made it possible for him to get off with a fine of only 2,000 francs, which he paid promptly. The merchant confessed to friends that he had despatched probably more than 10,000 letters in the last four months, often using the stamps several times.

PIGEONS CARRY DRUGS.

Pigeons have been used to carry narcotic drugs to prisoners on Blackwells Island,* said Detective Quigley. On two occasions pigeons have been seen alighting in bushes on the island. Each time prisoners walked over to the bird's alighting place and removed drugs carried in a sheath on the pigeon's leg.

A carrier pigeon was found recently in the pocket of Anthony Adamo, twenty-four, of No. 240 Elizabeth street. Quigley and his partner, Detective Pastorini, arrested Adamo at the Canal street station of the Third avenue railroad, on the Bowery. He was charged with possessing narcotics.

Adamo also had on his person a quantity of heroin appraised by the police at \$4,000, it is alleged. He offered to sell a grain of heroin to Detective Quigley for \$3. The whole quantity he offered for \$3,500, the detectives said. After his arrest he said he had paid \$3,000 for his stock.

No heroin was found on the pigeon, which Adamo said he had purchased a few hours before purely for his own amusement. Special Deputy Police Commissioner Simon, who examined Adamo, released the bird.

Adamo's right arm has been amputated at the elbow. He admits, the police say, having served a term in Elmira Reformatory.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XX.

Morgan Drake Carries Out a Villainous Scheme at Two O'Clock In the Morning.

The hours went by, and two o'clock rang out from a neighboring church tower, and still Lew lay there fast asleep.

A half hour later a carriage drew up at a point in the street at the rear of the Rand residence, which brought it about on a line with the house. The street in the rear was newly made, and although half a dozen dwellings were in course of erection there, it was not yet tenanted by a living soul.

The driver of the carriage looked around in the gloom, and the watchman who was protecting the unfinished buildings came walking up to the spot with his lantern in one hand and a club in the other.

"What are you looking for?" he asked.

"Is there a party named Smith living in this street?" asked the driver of the coach, leaning over towards the watchman.

"No Smith and no other party," answered the watchman.

"Are you sure?" asked the driver.

"Positive. I'm watching these buildings, and that's all there is in the street and nobody lives here yet."

"That's queer," said the driver, and at that moment the door of the coach on the side where the watchman stood was cautiously opened and the face of a man appeared in the faint light.

"What street were you looking for?" asked the watchman.

"Carmine."

"Well, this is Carmine, but not a soul lives here."

"Well, that was the direction I got," said the driver, "and I was told that I would find a three-story house——"

At that instant a man leaped noiselessly from the interior of the coach, a short club grasped in his right hand. The watchman heard a sound behind him and started to turn around, but before he could do so the club was swung and descended on his head.

The unfortunate man dropped like a log to the ground.

Morgan Drake was the man who had struck the cowardly blow, and he turned to the coach and softly called out:

"He's settled, boys!"

Two other men at once got out of the coach, one holding a piece of rope in one hand. In a moment the watchman was securely bound around the legs and arms, and then his own handkerchief was tied around his mouth to prevent him from making any outcry should he soon recover his senses.

"What'll we do with him?" asked one of the men.

"Throw him into one of the houses," ordered Morgan Drake, and the unconscious watchman was carried across the road and thrown into the basement of one of the unfinished dwellings.

Then Morgan Drake reached inside the coach and drew forth a sectional ladder, which appeared to be not more than four feet long, but as it contained three sections it could be extended to fully eleven feet.

"Got the lantern?" he asked.

"Yes," answered one of the men.

"And I've got the bottle," said the other.

"Then come along," said Drake.

There were no fences to hinder them, and the three men were soon standing under the window of Lew's room.

"Is this the right place?" asked Drake.

"Sure," answered one of the men. "I had a chat with the servant girl to-day and made sure of it."

"All right," said Drake, and then he pulled out the sections of the ladder and placed it against the house. He did this with great care, and made no noise whatever, and he and his men conversed in whispers.

"Give me the lantern," he said, and when he got it he softly ascended the ladder until he was able to look into the open window of Lew's room. Then he found that the lantern was not needed, for the small gaslight in the room was sufficient to show him the sleeper on the bed.

Down the ladder he came.

"It couldn't be better," he said, handing over the lantern to one of the men and taking from him a long bottle, to which was attached a big bulb and a spray nozzle. "He's fast asleep and not more than eight feet from the window, and the chloroform ought to fix him in five minutes."

Up the ladder he went again, and standing on it outside the window he began to press the rubber bulb. In an instant a fine spray began to issue from the atomizer and flow in a steady wave towards the bed on which the sleeping young lawyer lay.

For about five minutes Drake continued to press the bulb and send that fine vapor in the direction of the sleeper, and then he softly entered the room and advanced to the bedside.

Taking up a towel that lay on a washing stand, Drake sprayed a lot of the chloroform on it and then pressed the towel over Lew's face.

The latter was evidently fully under the influence of the dreg, for he did not struggle when the towel was pressed over his mouth, and Morgan Drake uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"He's fixed," he muttered, and then he softly crossed the room and leaned out of the window.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

GOOD LEATHER FROM FISH.

A high grade of leather is obtained from stingarees, or huge rays, which are caught in Southern waters off the United States coast. The skin, or "hide," of these fish can be cured and produces a tough, durable material of good appearance. Some of the largest fish yield from two to three square yards of leather. Needless to say, it is waterproof.

USE A HEADLIGHT AT THE PIANO.

Here is a headlight that is literally a head light. It is a light that you wear on your head. The wries are concealed in a bandeau worn around the forehead, and the light itself stands in front.

This lamp was probably invented from the idea of the miner's lamps, and has been adopted by physicians, surgeons and dentists, its especial value to them being that both hands are free.

Thus you are provided with a flashlight that does not have to be held in the hand.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

PLANS MONUMENT FOR HIS DOGS.

At the summer home of Governor Baxter of Maine, on Mackworth Island, Casco Bay, are buried all the dogs which died while owned by him, since 1887. The Governor now is having made a bronze tablet giving the names and records of these animals. This will be placed upon the face of a granite boulder, around which the dogs have been interred.

These dogs are all of the same family of Irish setters. The first, and great-grandmother of the family, was Glencore. She was given the Governor in 1867 by his father, the late James P. Baxter, of Portland, Me. The living representative of the line now is a young dog named Garry.

In all, the Governor has raised about seventy-five of these dogs. Most of those which died he did not keep were given to friends.

TO DESTROY 100 HORSES.

Horse lovers throughout the country have been shocked by Colonial Secretary Winston Churchill's announcement in the House of Commons that 30,000 army horses in Mesopotamia are to be killed because it is too expensive to bring them home.

It was explained that they are mainly heavy draft horses for which there is no local use and that they had to be fed on imported fodder. The nearest possible markets are India or Egypt, but the difficulties and cost of transportation thence are said to be prohibitive.

Shipping men say it costs \$150 to \$175 to bring a horse from the East to England, not counting horsemen's wages. The War Office view is that it is better for the horses to be killed humanely and scientifically than to be left in the hands of natives who would not care for them properly, and no one would suggest turning them adrift in the desert.

SERMON IN PRISON.

Several thousand men, silent and attentive, listened to a strange sermon recently in San Quentin Prison. The theme was "A Man May Be Down, but He's Never Out."

The expounder of this gospel was Warden James Johnston, and not one word of the sermon was lost on men who each in himself struggled with this same problem of whether or not a man may be both down and out.

Warden Johnston took his text from the doctrine of the Salvation Army and it was this organization and its appeal for funds that inspired the meeting. The responsiveness of the prisoners was indicated in that they subscribed \$150 to the campaign at the close of the talk and this amount was immediately duplicated by the prison guards and attaches.

San Quentin Prison has the honor of being the only prison in the United States to have a working corps of Salvationists within the prison, all of the members of which are prisoners. This band of Salvationists render services to its fellow prisoners in much the same manner as other Salvationists on the outside do to society at large.

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Ned, The Naval Cadet.

By JOHN SHERMAN.

The U. S. cruiser Texas was a fine armored vessel of 4,000 tons burden, armed with heavy caliber guns, and manned with 300 men under command of Commander John Woods.

An extensive slave trade, and the most atrocious piracies had been committed along the African gold coast of Guinea, causing our government to dispatch the frigate to those shores, on a cruise in search of the marauders who were scourging those seas.

Among a half dozen naval cadets who had been commissioned to go with the Texas was a boy named Ned Fox, a fine, sturdy dark-eyed fellow of eighteen, whose pluck, good nature and generosity had made him the pride of the naval school.

One afternoon, while the man-of-war was going along under reduced canvas, in the vicinage of the bay of Boafra, the boy stood at the weather bulwarks with a glass to his eye, intently scanning the dim, distant outlines of Princes Island, when Joe Ranger, another of the cadets, approached him.

"You seem to be very much interested in that island, Ned," he laughed. "What is there about it to hold your attention so?"

Ned lowered the glass, turned to his friend and replied:

"It is not idle curiosity, Joe. Far from it. There is much about that island to interest me, for my only inheritance lies buried in it."

"Your words mystify me. What do you mean?" queried Joe, in perplexity.

"Well, you know my father was a sailor—a captain—a shipowner."

"So you have hinted to me before."

"He was engaged in trading along this coast with his vessel, the Storm King, when his ship was caught in a storm and was smashed to pieces on the rocks on that island. My father was the only survivor. He took his cargo of gold dust from the wreck procured in trade from the Africans and buried it. Long afterwards a passing ship picked him up and brought him home. My unfortunate father barely had time to write a description of where the gold was buried and gave it to my mother when he died. I was then a child. It has always been my mother's desire to have me reclaim that treasure from Princes Island."

"I hope you may, Ned."

At this juncture the lookout interrupted them, shouting:

"Sail ho! Sail ho!"

"Where away?" queried the commander, emerging from below.

"Two points to starboard, tacking south by west, sir."

"What do you make her out to be?"

"A large, black, fore-and-aft schooner, sir."

The commander gained a look at the stranger with his glass, and uttering a cry of surprise, he exclaimed:

"By thunder! It's the Black Bird—the worst slaver on the coast!"

This announcement caused a ripple of excitement among the crew, and the commander expressed it as his intention to capture the rascal or blow him out of the sea; so orders were rapidly given, sails fluttered up, and everyone became busy.

The Texas glided majestically through the water, and the gunners manned their stations, ready for action.

A gunshot was fired athwart her course as a signal to her to haul to, but instead of obeying this stern mandate she defiantly sent a gunshot from a masked battery at the frigate, the ball striking one of the frigate's barbette towers.

Commander Woods became enraged at this insult, and at once ordered a gun trained and fired at her hull.

This was done and the shot struck the mark.

A hole was stove in the schooner's side above the water line, and she rapidly ran up in the wind, laid to, and a flag of truce was shown.

"She surrenders. Clear away the after port quarter boat, and as it is in your command, Mr. Fox, be kind enough to board yonder rascal and demand her unconditional surrender."

"Ay ay, sir," answered Ned, saluting the officer.

Down went the boat, manned by five marines and Joe Ranger, then Ned boarded it, the davit hooks were cast off and it was rowed over to the motionless slaver.

Just as the cadet boarded the schooner, with Joe at his side, a gun was fired from the slaver's deck and the ball struck the rudder of the Texas, shivering it to pieces.

"This is a dirty piece of business!" cried Ned, indignantly. "You hang out a flag of truce to lure us into this trap."

"Shut up!" roared Captain Dirk, brutally.

He raised his hand to deal the boy a blow, when Ned struck him between the eyes with his fist, knocking him down.

The struggle that ensued did not last long, however, as the slavers outnumbered them, and the two boys were overwhelmed and bound hand and foot.

They were taken down in the hole and confined among scores of negroes, with whom the schooner was laden.

By skillful management the slaver kept out of gunshot of the crippled frigate, and thus escaped to the coast, along which she ran northward.

All night long they lay in their cramped quarters, wondering what their fate was to be, and struggling to free themselves of the bonds that held their arms behind their backs.

By dint of using his teeth Joe managed to loosen Ned's thongs so that a little exertion would serve to release them, but further work of this kind was stopped by the appearance of the keeper.

Soon after dawn of the next day a bearded sailor wearing a skull cap came down, took the lashings from their ankles and dragged the two boys up on deck with bandages on their eyes.

A plank had been rigged through an open gangway, near which Captain Dirk and his men were congregated.

"I'll pay you off now," the slaver yelled at

them. "You won't ever lift your hands to me again, blast you! There's a plank ahead of you, and you've got to walk it!"

"Murder us and you will pay dearly for it," cried Ned, bitterly.

"Prepare yourselves for death."

The sailors seized Ned by the collar of the coat and dragged him up on the plank, while another ruffian pushed Joe after him.

It was useless to resist, and the two boys walked the plank blindfolded, and stepping off, both fell into the sea.

At that juncture a yell of warning came from one of the slavers, to the effect that the rudder of the Texas had been repaired and that the man-of-war was bearing down upon them.

As soon as Ned dropped into the water, he sank below the surface, tore his arms free of his loosened bonds, ripped the bandage from his eyes and arose to the surface.

Upon reaching the surface Ned saw his friend come up, and seized him.

"Courage, Joe!" he gasped. "Tread water, old fellow, and I'll free you!"

Ranger did as he was told, when Ned, while floating, pulled the blindfold from his face, and drawing out his jackknife, cut Joe's bonds.

He was then enabled to swim.

To Ned's surprise he saw Princes Island about two miles away.

"There's the slavers' rendezvous!" he exclaimed. "Swim for it."

It was a long, tiresome swim, but the plucky boys did it, and finally reached shoal water and waded ashore.

Both frigate and schooner had vanished in the dense fog bank that rolled over the sea.

"This is a most providential escape," remarked Ned. "Who would have thought that I would be cast away upon the very island I was most anxious to visit?"

"Do you know where your father buried his gold?"

"Of course I do," replied Ned. "Let's see if we can locate it. The paper said it was in a water cavern on the east side of the isle, under a mass of rocks resembling an enormous man's head. The gold is buried in a pit in the cave, covered by a slab, which in turn is sprinkled over with dirt. There is but one entrance to the cave, and in this opening is wedged a great rock, which blocks the entrance."

Passing along the strand to the eastward side of the isle, Ned led the way to just such a spot as he described.

Passing into the cave, which was lighted by an aperture in the roof, twenty-five feet above, the boys were astonished to see that the place was filled with boxes, barrels and cases.

The cave was doubtless inhabited by the slavers they saw by every evidence, and its contents must have been merchandise robbed from different vessels, as the marks indicated.

It was manifest that piracy was an adjunct to the slave trade Captain Dirk carried on, and the two boys began to fear for the safety of the hidden gold dust.

They made a search for it, however.

Ned remembered the directions, and presently

unearthed a stone slab in one corner of the cave, and they lifted it up.

There was a hole in the floor underneath, and going down they found that it contained several kegs of gold dust.

Assured that the treasure remained intact, the boys returned to the cavern with small hopes of ever getting the gold away from there, and carefully concealed the spot again.

They then left the cave and went to the top of the rocks, and Ned saw the schooner come out of the mist and head for the bay.

Into the sheltered sheet of water she ran, and down came her sails, the foliage along the almost meeting headland hiding her from the view of any one passing on vessels out to sea.

Ned keenly watched his enemies.

They remained there all day, suffering from hunger and thirst, and when night fell they saw the slavers come ashore and pass into the cavern, leaving but one man on the schooner on guard.

A cunning project entered Ned's mind, and he said:

"We've got a chance now to loosen that big boulder and let it drop down over the mouth of the cave, imprisoning those slavers, Joe. If we can do that, we can attack the guard on the schooner and overcome him. The whole crowd and their craft will then be at our mercy."

It was a daring plan, but Joe liked it, and they very cautiously crept down the rocks, and reaching the entrance to the cavern, loosened the stone that held the boulder.

Down came the rock with a thunderous bang, covering the entrance with so much weight that it was impossible for the imprisoned rascals to move it.

Their cries made up a dreadful din that reached the ears of the man on the schooner, and he came ashore.

Ned and Joe saw him coming, and crouching in a clump of bushes they sprang out on him when he reached them.

They rowed him back to the schooner, and slipping the anchor, raised the jib and mainsail and put out to sea.

By the dawn of day the fog cleared, and they sighted the Texas.

Running the schooner up to her, Ned explained to the commander what had happened, and then piloted the Texas back to the bay, where they hauled to.

A body of marines went ashore and demanded the surrender of Captain Dirk and his men.

Under the guns of the marines they emerged one by one, were taken prisoners and confined in the frigate.

Ned then told the commander the story of his father's treasure, and Woods agreed to carry it to civilization for the boy.

The gold was taken out, laden on the schooner, a prize crew under Ned's command, were put aboard of her, and the two vessels sailed over to the African coast, where the negroes were given their freedom.

Soon afterwards both vessels returned to the United States, and here Ned sold his father's gold and realized a fortune.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

WOMEN FIGHT SNAKES.

While picking berries on Canaan Mountain the other day Mrs. Alfred Perdrizel, 60, and Mrs. Paul Tournier, 70, both of East Canaan, Conn., came upon two large rattlesnakes coiled for action. Mrs. Tournier picked up a stick and killed both reptiles. The women tied the snakes together and dragged them to East Canaan. One snake was fifty-five inches long and had eight rattles. The other was forty-five inches long and had two rattles.

SNAKES INVADE SAWMILL.

An unusual sort of "strike," and one in which labor trouble and grievances had no part, is reported from one of the big sawmills in the vicinity of Corydon, Pa., this county. The men quit when the mill suffered an invasion of rattlesnakes. In one hour recently four large ones were killed at the mill, twelve within three days. The men then quit and refused to work until the snakes quit. There is a den of rattlers adjacent to the mill and the humming of the saws drew the snakes from the den.

FIVE TEASPOONS TAKEN FROM HER STOMACH.

Five full size teaspoons were taken from the stomach of Mrs. Rosie Tucker Cowan of Todd county, near Kirkmansville, Ky., when she was operated on in Hopkinsville, Ky.

Mrs. Cowan stood the operation well. Just when or how she swallowed the spoons is not known. Her mind became affected several months ago and she went to the Western State Hospital for treatment. She often threatened to swallow spoons or said she had swallowed them, but no laceration of her throat was visible.

SEEK WEALTH IN EQUADOR.

Her passengers in the main hardy prospectors and explorers who will go into the mountains of South America, the steamer Quillota, of the Pacific line, sailed recently for Guayaquil, Equador.

There were so many shovels, hammers and picks on board that her hold looked like that of a Cape Horn packet of '49 bound for California.

E. H. Dawson, of No. 42 Broadway; I. M. Borja and E. A. Sloven, engineers, were passengers, bound into the wilds of Esmeralda, Colombia, in quest of gold, oil or other precious or valuable minerals. Thereon Wessan and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Sinclair, the latter of No. 506 Fort Washington avenue, were also among those who will go into the mountains of Equador.

Max Schwartz, a merchant of Guayaquil, well known for his explorations among the Jevaros, or head-hunting Indians of the Andes, returns after a serious operation here to restore the use of his right arm, broken last year.

Schwartz said that the Indians were friendly to a visitor if left alone to go their own way, but to interfere with their customs meant instant death to an outsider.

They take the captured heads of their victims and mummify and reduce them to one-fourth their original size by drying and smoking them in specially prepared herb fires.

LAUGHS

"You needn't sit up for me to-night, Maria." "I won't, dear, I'll be standing just inside the door for you."

"Jenkins holds his head mighty high this mornin'. What's happened?" "Just put a mortgage on the mule an' sold a mocking-bird for \$10."

Mrs. Bacon—And did her surf bath tire her? Mrs. Egbert—Oh, yes; you see, the tide was out, and it tired her to walk all the way to the water and back.

Model—Pardon me, sir, but isn't there another artist in this building? Artist—Well, that is a matter of opinion. There is another fellow who paints.

Hicks—If patience was a virtue Loeffler is one of the most virtuous men on earth. Wicks—Got lots of patience, eh? Hicks—Yes, he's been sitting around for about ten years waiting for work.

"Why don't you state your ideas in simple language that everybody can comprehend?" "My friend," answered the lecturer, "what is the use of inviting argument?"

"It takes a great deal of intelligence to amass a colossal fortune." "Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "and a lot more to know just what to do with it when you've got it."

Young Wife—I want you to promise me one thing—if we would avoid trouble we must live within our means, and to help me in doing this I want your promise that you will never run in debt. Young Husband—I will promise, my love; if I ever get in debt I'll let the other fellows do the running.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

CATTLE GONE WILD.

To hunt down a herd of wild cattle reported to be seen on the Ozette Indian reservation in the Olympic Peninsula, Wash., an expedition headed by C. J. Albrecht, taxidermist of the State Museum, is soon to leave for the mountain wilds.

The herd are the descendants of a tame herd abandoned by a settler twenty years ago and are said to be more dangerous than bear, cougar or wildcat. The Ozette Indians report many long-haired, wild-eyed cattle are living in the foothills and venturing down the river courses in mid-summer. In these grazing lands the cattle can never be exterminated as the country is too rough for the average hunter and can be entered only on horseback. It is now fifty miles from a white settlement and in winter is snowbound.

The natives of that region declare that on the sight of human beings the bulls become enraged and rush, often treeing hunters and trappers. When questioned as to why they did not shoot the cows or calves for meat the Indians replied that it was tough and tasted like cedar oil.

A WATCH BOY.

It is no uncommon sight to see a boy watching cattle in order that they may not stray or keeping birds off the crops. A watch boy whose duty it is to keep a lookout for a school of fish and who sits in a sentry box set upon stilts is characteristic of Norway.

The scene of this lad's labors is the slope of some Norwegian fiord. His little sentry box is made of wood and is perched high upon posts. Here the boy sits, gazing out across the arm of the sea, employing his keen eyesight for the benefit of the farmers, who depend upon him to give the alarm when a school of fish shall appear.

They work contentedly enough in their fields, confident that the lad will let them know when it is time to reap a harvest from the sea instead of from the land. When the signal is sounded the farmers leave their work, throw their big nets over their shoulders and hurry off to their boats.

Sentinel boxes similar to those employed in Norway were in use among the fishermen on the shores of the Mediterranean, and it is supposed that the Vikings brought back with them from some of their piratical raids the idea that has been in practice ever since.

KANGAROOS SEEN IN THE WEST OF YAKIMA.

Kangaroos are roaming the remote hills east of the Yakima Indian reservation, where none was ever seen before.

As circuses are rare in the Northwest, "redskins" who have seen the queer creatures leaping high on their hind legs and with their tails are badly frightened and superstitious lest some new power has invaded their domain.

It is believed the kangaroos are from a private menagerie once kept in Yakima and from which a male and female escaped.

Now reports are frequently made here and in nearby towns of seeing the two adult animals crossing the hills with three little kangaroos in their train. It is not certain yet as to whether these five are the only ones or there are other families.

The nature of the vegetation along the valley of the Columbia River and the semi-arid climate makes this section an ideal habitat for kangaroos. As they are harmless and live on forage of little use to man and disdained by beasts, it is the hope here that no one will molest them.

HALCYON BIRDS.

The fourteen short days which end the year were said by the ancients to be halcyon days. On those days calm was fabled to fall upon the world, placid waters mirrored the sun by day and the moon by night, for no waves must disturb the halcyons, brooding on their floating nests. Such was the fable of the kingfisher of the Mediterranean.

Our kingfisher brings the halcyon days of early spring, dropping from the sky in April, springing its cheerful watchman's rattle call, and proceeding to dig its tunnel nest in the sandbank in early May. It has an entrance hole about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, a foot or more beneath the top of the bank, easily known from any other hole, for in going in and out the kingfisher's long hind claws drag and leave two parallel marks in the sand that suggest trolley tracks. It is easy to find the entrance, not so easy to see the nest at the other end, for there is no nesting material, simply a hollow in the sand that may be 12 feet deep in the bank. It is possible, of course, to tunnel laboriously in as the kingfisher has done. More than one ardent naturalist has done this and more than one has backed out with bleeding face, for the bill of the brooding mother bird is long and sharp and she defends her home valiantly.

There is more enjoyment and more to be learned in watching the birds, especially when the half dozen growing young begin to eat their own weight in fish in a day. Then, from dawn till dark, you may see the parent kingfishers watching from some stub or limb tip on the bank, posing eagerly on swift wings in mid air, then plunging with a resounding splash for some surface-feeding small fish. Sometimes the bird goes well below the surface, to emerge immediately, shaking the water from its plumage and giving its triumphant rattle as it flies to the nest.

The kingfisher loves the sandy shallows; hence you may find him watching and fishing along-shore, either on salt or fresh water. Mostly he frequents secluded coves, where woods abound on shore and the words of man are not so plentiful, though he finds a convenient watch tower on the mast of a yacht or the spiling at the tip of a pier.—Winthrop Packard, on *Our Dumb Animals*.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

RECLAIMING USED OIL.

A new company has been organized in London with the object of reclaiming stale lubricating oil. The waste oil can be bought at prices ranging up to about \$100 per ton and in some cases can be had for the cost of collection. It is planned to establish immediately a plant near London with a capacity for treating 50 tons per week, which, it is believed, can be easily collected in London and other plants in the various large cities of the Kingdom.

STRENGTH OF THE NAVY.

The total strength of the U. S. Navy on July 25 was 150,204, including 12,879 officers and 137,325 men. There were 11,189 regular and reserve commissioned and warrant officers and midshipmen and 114,772 men in the navy. In the marine corps were 1,019 regular and reserve commissioned and warrant officers and 21,809 men; and in the nurse corps 463. The enlisted personnel of the navy was short 30,512 men and the marine corps was 806 in excess of its authorized strength.

SNOWSHOEING IN SUMMER.

Snowshoeing was a sport indulged in by Norway, Me., people recently, although their friends refused to believe their story. But two local artists and photographers, in quest of pond-lilies for pictorial purposes, equipped themselves with a flivver and snowshoes and visited a bog in Harrison, where they were highly successful in their quest. The snowshoes prevented them from sinking to their knees in mud and moss until they could reach a vantage point from which they could rake in the lilies.

SAVED ON ROCK AT NIAGARA.

A. U. Walker, of Denver, was rescued from the Niagara River less than 1,000 feet above the American fall recently by Thomas E. Ackers. Ackers waded thirty feet out into the upper rapids to reach Walker. He carried a rope which he tied about the man and the two were hauled ashore.

Walker said he suffered from a fainting spell and fell into the river. He was swiftly carried out into the upper rapids. There he managed to catch hold of a rock and held on while Ackers, who was passing in an automobile, waded out into the powerful current.

Ackers had great difficulty in tying the rope around Walker, who is a large man, weighing more than 200 pounds. His rescuer had to force him to release his hold on the rock, when Walker, panic-stricken by his danger, clung to the rock until dragged off by main force.

NEARLY 55,000 MEN DISCHARGED FROM ARMY.

From reports received at the War Department up to July 28 it was estimated that approximately 55,000 enlisted men had been discharged from the army. The limitation to thirty per cent. of actual strength on July 1 could not be carried

out at some posts for the reason that the limit had been passed in the process of discharging the men before the order reached these stations. With some stations still to send in detailed reports, about 5,500 men over the thirty per cent. had been separated from the army on July 20. With normal discharges to be included, it is estimated that the army will be down close to the authorized strength of 150,000 on Aug. 1. On July 26 the War Department sent orders to commanding generals ordering the discharge during July of thirty per cent. of the enlisted men of the Medical Department and the Quartermaster Corps, based on actual strength as of June 30. The U. S. Military Academy was also ordered to discharge thirty per cent. of the enlisted men on duty at West Point. The American forces in Germany, it is estimated, will discharge about 4,000 men whose contracts expire before Oct. 1.

COOLS HOUSE WITH AIR FROM WELL.

A dry artesian well from which a strong blast of cold, dry air has been pouring for twenty-five years completely nonplussed George Sanzenbacker, engineer of the Newark Water Department, the other afternoon, after he had inspected the well out of curiosity, having heard reports of its unusual nature.

The owner of the well, Mrs. Jacob Lowenstein, is glad these hot days it does not produce water. She uses the air to cool her refrigerator, to dry the family wash and, above all, to cool the house in hot weather.

The well was driven thirty-seven years ago by Robert F. Maier, now dead. His house stood at what is now No. 360 South Street, Newark, N. J. The well is about 79 feet deep. For the first ten years it produced excellent water. Then it went suddenly dry. When the water ceased flowing the air blast started. It was pouring out lustily when Mrs. Lowenstein bought the South Street place several years ago.

At one time, Mrs. Lowenstein said, the air blast was so strong that its roar could be heard for a block, and the neighbors complained of the noise. In an effort to shut off the supply sand and gravel were poured into the opening. The current was so strong, however, that the sand and small stones were immediately blown out.

In 1817 Mrs. Lowenstein had the opening capped with an iron faucet, so that she could control the supply. She had pipes run into her house, conveying part of the air to her refrigerator; then she dispensed with ice. Two other pipes are at convenient places in the house. In rainy weather a blast of the dry air run through the place is enough to dispel the dampness.

Clothing hung before the pipes will dry in a very few minutes. Best of all, in summer weather the air is a most efficient cooling element. A dozen electric fans could not compete with it. Therefore Mrs. Lowenstein's house is most popular among her friends.

The air pours forth continuously and without variation in force. Mr. Sanzenbacker was able to offer no explanation of the phenomenon.

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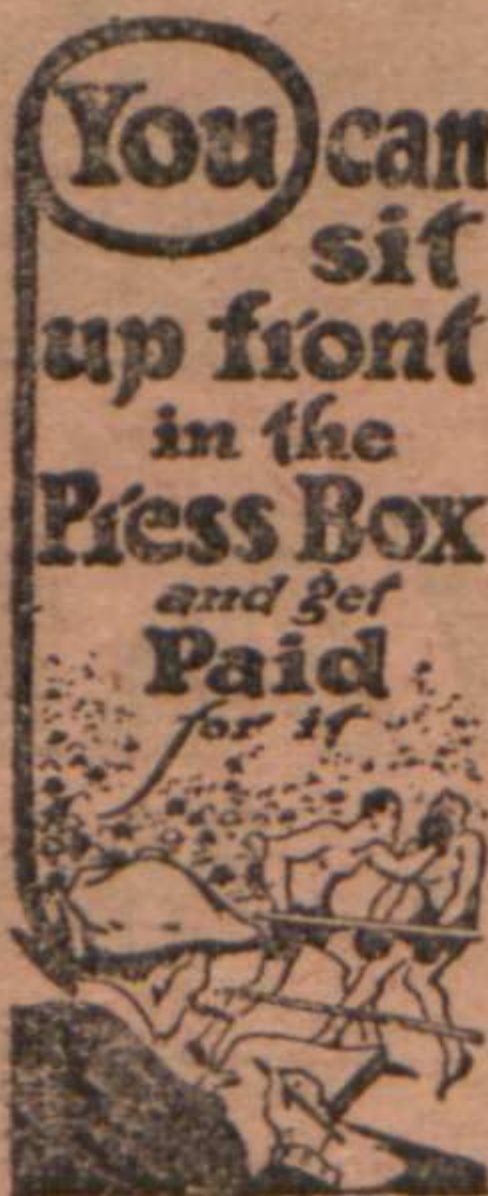
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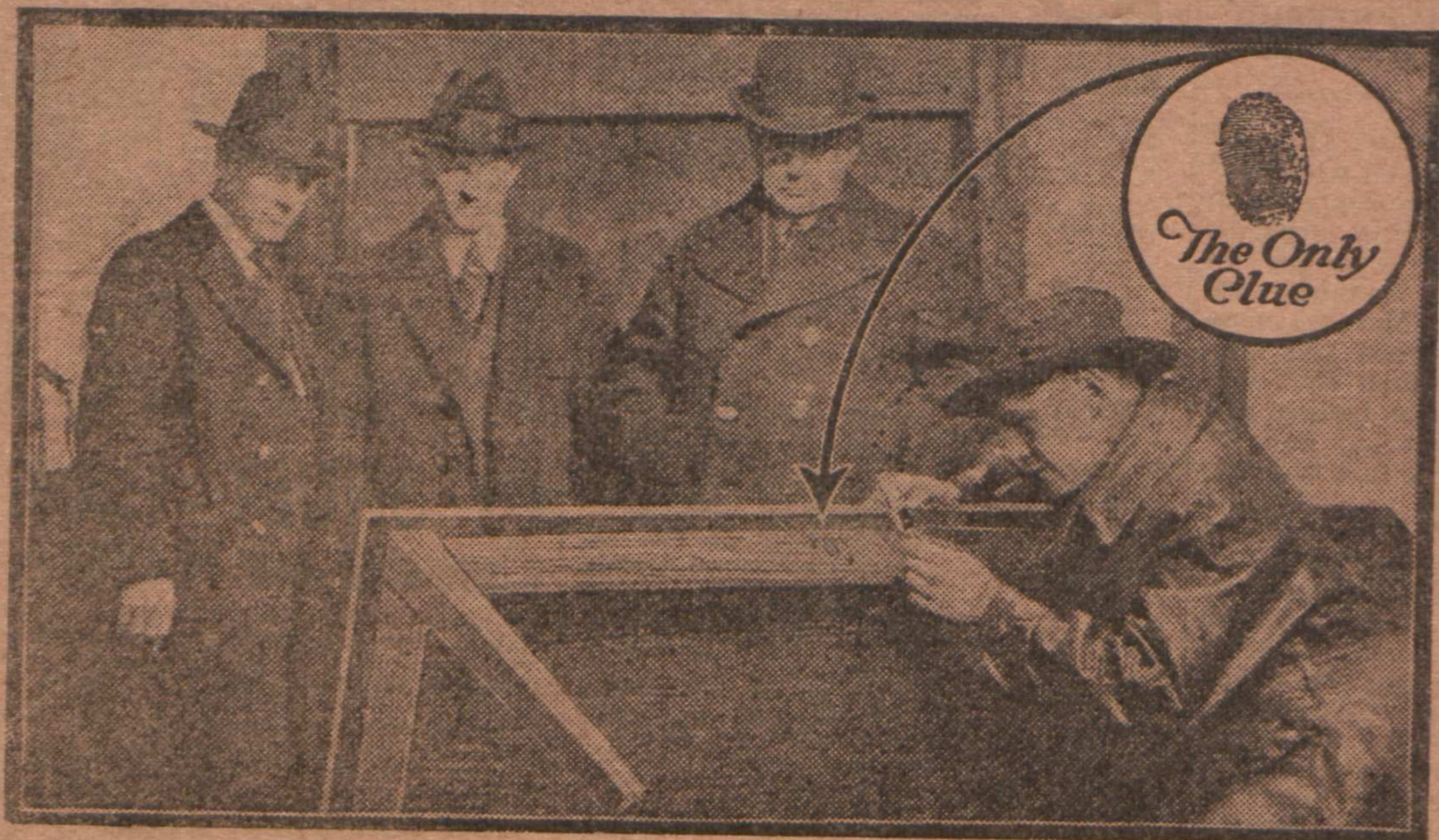
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Although he drove his high powered roadster rapidly and arrived very shortly at his destination, he had plenty of time to consider the main features of the case as reported by the press. The job had undoubtedly been done by skilled cracksmen and robbers of uncommon nerve. Sixty-five hundred dollars in currency—the company pay-roll—were gone. Not a single, apparent clue had been found by the police.

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To make a long story short his prints were photographed and taken to Central Office, where they were matched with those of "Big Joe" Moran, a safe blower well known to the police. Moran was subsequently caught and convicted on Bigelow's testimony and finger-print proof. Most of the money was recovered. In the meantime the T—O Company had offered a \$500.00 reward, which was given to Bigelow—his pay for two hours' work.

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